WEEK
ENDING
JULY 30, 1932

Liberty

5¢
THE
COPY

Beginning :

The Honolulu Martyrdom —

Mrs. GRANVILLE FORTESCUE Tells Her Story at Last

Need Some Spare Cash?

HERE'S $500 *FOR . . .*

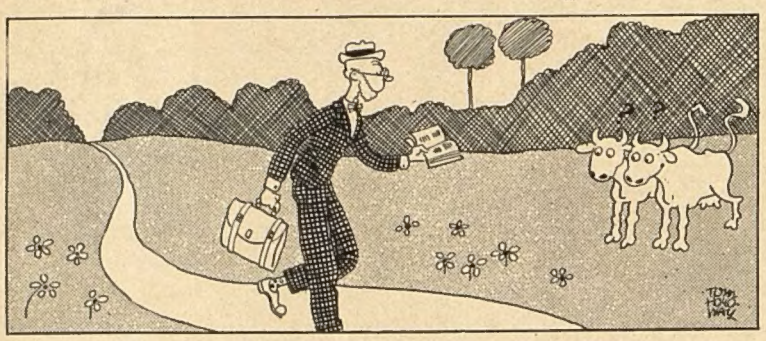
LIMERICKS

Each Week Liberty Pays Big Cash Prizes for Last Lines
You Can Write One—Do It Now!

HERE'S another contest Limerick! Note that vacant space where the fifth line ought to be? That's where you come in. Write the last line and get into line for the prize money! Read the Limerick as far as it goes. Think what may have happened to McFenn in his search for his home.

Think over the words that rhyme with the first two lines and then get busy! You can win $100, or $50, or $25, or one of the sixty-five $5 awards. Worth while, isn't it?

Here's the Limerick. It's up to You!



That most absent-minded of men,
Professor Adolphus McFenn,
Forgot his address
And you never would guess—

. . . . . .

(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below.

. . . . . .

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight, July 30. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 17.

Be sure you have this week's Limerick completed to the best of your ability. Then think up a first line for a new Limerick and send it along with your entry. Sixty-eight Liberty readers are going to win cash for doing just that. Your chance to be among them is excellent. Read the rules and make sure that you send your entry to the correct address.

Contestants in the Cross-Word Contest No. 8 will find the results of that contest on another page in this issue.

The CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
FOURTH PRIZES, 65 of $5 each	325
TOTAL, SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $100 will be paid; for the next best, $50; for the next best, $25; and for the next sixty-five, $5 each. Anyone, anywhere, may compete with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK *and* $500 MORE NEXT WEEK!

HE'S OFF! Riding a jolting, jumping aquaplane with Miss Doris S. Dietsch, Pocket Ben takes severe punishment on Lake Worth.

POCKET BEN TAKES THE BUMPS

ON JOLTING AQUAPLANE

STILL KEEPS ACCURATE TIME

PALM BEACH, FLA., (*Special*). Pocket Ben, the thrill-hunting watch, has just come safely through another hair-raising adventure.

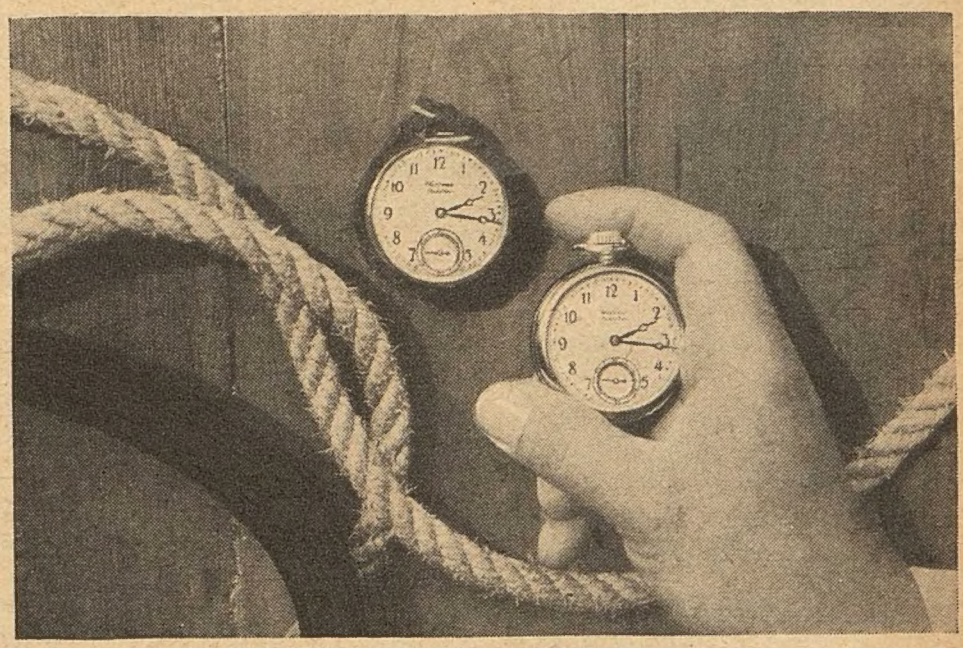
Bought from the stock of a local dealer (as is customary for these tests) this Westclox watch was wrapped in a water-proof jacket, then clamped securely to the tiny deck of an aquaplane which was hitched behind a powerful speed boat.

At 2:04 P.M. the starter's gun cracked. With a roar the speed boat rushed out into the lake. The aquaplane's nose snapped into the air as it went plunging after. Faster, faster! The 'plane bucks and jumps like a bronco. But the girl pilot, and Pocket Ben, hang on.

Across Lake Worth. A dizzy turn. Back again. Five roaring, pounding miles. Then the speed boat slides back to the dock. Eager hands lift up Pocket Ben, strip off his water-proof jacket. What's the verdict? Could this Westclox watch stand the punishment? Yes, he could. He did. Pocket Ben wins! He's ticking away 60 honest seconds to the minute! His hands point to 2:16—on time to the dot!

Another triumph! Wherever he goes, Pocket Ben takes punishment without a whimper. He's on time *all* the time—a low-priced Westclox watch you can depend on. "Shock-proof" Pocket Ben is in the pockets of millions of Americans. And he is going on vacation with thousands of new owners this year. How about taking a Westclox Pocket Ben with *you?*

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois
Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.



O.K., POCKET BEN! On time to the dot after a five mile punishing ride

Thinner, smaller and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben has a silvered dial . . . nickel silver case . . . pierced hands . . . convenient pull-out set . . . movement tested in three positions . . . non-magnetic and rust-proof hair spring of nickel silver. Fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family.

Westclox POCKET BEN $1.50

Made by the Makers of Big Ben

The WESTCLOX DAX $1.00. ***Another sturdy watch that always keeps good time***

Westclox . . . . POCKET WATCHES . . . ALARMS . . . . AUTO CLOCKS

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

JULY 30, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 31

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by R. C. KAUFFMANN

DEDICATED TO MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD

The Olympic Games held sway during the most glorious period of Greek intellectual culture.

The body and the mind should be trained simultaneously, and the present keen interest in athletics throughout the entire world makes us more hopeful for the future.

The Olympic Games which will be held in Los Angeles for two weeks beginning July 30 will be of world-wide interest. Forty nations have sent contestants; there are said to be 3,500 athletes entered for the 150 events—certainly a wonderful tribute to the importance of the development of the physical forces of humankind.

Champions of every known sport will be there to contend for honors. Men, great magnificent specimens of physical excellence, will be seen there in great numbers.

Women will be given their proper place in athletics. The development of womanly grace and beauty comes largely from health culture. Buoyant, vigorous vitality gives a woman animation—aliveness—the spirit which is essential to make beauty alluring. Somehow the term "strong woman" does not associate itself with beauty; and yet, some of our most beautiful dancers have the grace of a panther and muscles of steel.

But the great advantage of the Olympic Games will be their glorification of the physical man and woman. During the last generation there has been a stupendous increase in the attention given to health-building generally. Physical powers are envied, admired, and appreciated, and this colossal athletic show should reflect renown upon athletes of every nation.

To be a strong, upstanding man the muscles must be used with a reasonable amount of regularity. To be a fine specimen of femininity the body must be strong, symmetrical, and beautiful in its outlines. And athletics, intelligently used, will enable one to attain these enviable possessions.

The namby-pamby frail heroines of a generation ago are no longer the center of attraction. Their mysterious ailments have been analyzed and the physical defects that caused them have been tabulated. Strength, masculine or feminine, is an invaluable possession. It makes a man more manly; it gives him confidence, courage, and determination; it adds enthusiasm and ambition. And it is of similar value to a woman.

The woman of today who is athletic has a plentiful supply of self-confidence; she believes in her ability to take care of herself in emergencies. She need not be a leaner; and she can become a leader, as is indicated in many instances.

Let us hope that the huge crowds attending these competitions that will crown innumerable athletes with championship honors will not only find interest in the contests themselves, but that they will take to heart the lesson they convey.

The training of the body should not be confined to athletes. It should be the duty of every man and woman to interest themselves in athletics of some sort. About 75 per cent of the body's weight is composed of muscles. These muscles must be used with a reasonable amount of regularity; otherwise they become soft, flaccid, infiltrated with fat, and in time weakened by disease.

Confine a wild animal in a cage and it soon loses the vitality and strength that its previous active life developed. Various occupations that require the use of the muscles to a certain extent take the place of athletics. Outdoor labor is especially commendable, although there are but few occupations that develop the body throughout.

Consequently, a certain amount of exercise is really necessary for everybody to secure complete physical development. And remember, when the body is trained you not only materially improve your physical personality, but you have added energy and endurance that can be transmitted as nervous force for mental development.

Courage and determination are also to a certain extent physical manifestations which are helpful in the struggle for the great prizes of life.

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Mrs. GRANVILLE FORTESCUE *Tells Her Story at Last*

The Honolulu *Martyrdom*

Macfadden Studio photo

(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

Mrs. Fortescue is, as all the world knows, the mother of Mrs. Thomas H. Massie, victim of the outrage near Honolulu last September that was followed in January by the killing of Joe Kahahawai, and in April by the trial of Mrs. Fortescue, Lieutenant Massie, and two sailors for second-degree murder. They were defended by Clarence Darrow and were found guilty of manslaughter, but "served" only one hour of their sentences.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My purpose in telling the story of the events in Honolulu is to set forth the conditions that exist in a territory of the United States—where the politicians "damn the American admirals," where justice is a mockery. With a realization of conditions there, the people of this country will demand a more rigorous federal control in the Territory of Hawaii.

My second purpose is to tell in my own words of the killing of the Hawaiian, Kahahawai.

If I can accurately describe the events of that day in my home in Honolulu, no one will question the verdict that should have been rendered by the murder trial jury: "Not guilty."

PART ONE—THE DEATH OF KAHAHAWAI

"WOULD you do the same thing again, Mrs. Fortescue?" This question has been asked me many times.

No, I would not. Could I have looked into the future but a few hours, nothing would have persuaded me to go to the courthouse that fatal day in January. I sincerely regret the death of Kahahawai. I do not believe in lynch law. I cannot state that too emphatically. My upbringing, family traditions, early religious training make the idea of taking another's life repugnant to me. I am opposed to capital punishment. My conviction that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HONOLULU MARTYRDOM
Continued from page five]

no one has the right to take another's life was more strongly fortified when, during the first years of the World War, I followed my husband on his war-corresponding journey through Belgium, France, Russia, Greece, and Serbia.

At that time I learned all too well the horrors of killing.

No, I repeat, I do not believe in lynch law.

In our efforts to obtain a confession from Kahahawai, we were not breaking the law. We were endeavoring to aid the law. Our actions were not, to our way of thinking, illegal. A confession, we were convinced, would instantly kill the rumors and gossip blackening my daughter's name. . . .

The Ala Moana trial ended in a jury disagreement. All that we had done to help in the prosecution of the five accused of attacking a white woman had gone for naught. Those five were at liberty.

I burned under a strong sense of injustice. And not only was I stirred by the injustice done my daughter, but I was appalled at the thought of the consequences of the failure of the Ala Moana jury to agree.

During the time I had lived in Honolulu I learned that ravishment was an all too common crime. Seldom were the guilty punished. When guilt was proved the punishment meted out was so mild it mocked one of the white man's most sacred tenets.

Every day Honolulu gangsters grew bolder in their attacks. During the three weeks of the trial four new assault cases were reported. Every day after the mistrial of the Ala Moana case women were boldly insulted in the city streets, attempts to kidnap and assault them occurred in every section of Honolulu.

For years the women of Honolulu had fought these conditions. Determinedly they had made a survey of assault cases. They had investigated the records, they had studied the laws, interviewed victims, attended trials, heard the evidence of the girls in court. And what were their conclusions? By crafty methods it was the woman who was put on trial. Her credibility was questioned, her character attacked. Native defendants openly boasted that they had nothing to fear. It was the woman alone who suffered. In spite of the efforts of these women in the past they had made no headway against this alarming situation. But with the revelations brought forth in the Ala Moana trial they once more bent their energies to bringing about reform in the Territory of Hawaii.

CITIZENS were shocked by the reflection cast on their community, shocked by the revelation of shameful police conditions, shocked by the spectacle of their politicians playing fast and loose with Honolulu's honor.

Yet, despite all this, the Governor of Hawaii, conferring with Secretary of Interior Wilbur, his chief in Washington, during this time made no mention of the Ala Moana outrage, nor the conditions prevailing in the police force, nor the political situation which made such things possible. The territorial administration promoted a "hush-hush" policy.

But there was no "hush-hush" policy to curb the bitter cruelties practiced against the Ala Moana victim and her young husband. Lying gossip, filthy stories—all calculated to drive the complaining witness out of town, to defame her character, to prejudice jurors if she dared to prosecute a second time—were the constant theme of defense-inspired scandalmongers.

On Friday morning, December 11, a badly scrawled letter was delivered at the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard. Its address read, Petty Officers' Mess, Submarine Base. Inside was a dirty piece of paper. On it appeared the words, "We have stolen your money, we raped your women and we'll do it again. You're a lot of yellow cowards, navy men." Signed, "The Kalihi Gang."

Many officers and enlisted men, both in the army and the navy, have their homes in Honolulu. They have friends among the civilians, and the two services have ties in common. An insult to one branch of the service is an insult to all. The threat carried in those few lines from the half-breed natives was resented alike by friendly civilians, soldiers, and sailors.

The following night, December 12, a crowd of unidentified men seized Ida, the Japanese, one of the five accused of assaulting Mrs. Massie. He was driven to the bleak sides of the Pali. He claims he was beaten with heavy leather belts, the buckles tearing his back. In other sections of Honolulu, other groups were reported to have attempted to catch the remaining four.

A story ran that Ida had admitted being one of the Ala Moana assailants, but had said that he had remained in the car, stationed there to give an alarm if needed. Another story said he had stubbornly denied all knowledge of the assault, and yet, when asked unexpectedly, "Was the white woman in the front seat with you?" had inadvertently replied, "No, she was in the back seat with Kahahawai and ——" Realizing his break, this story concluded, he had again nervously denied the whole thing.

ALL that Sunday the suspense continued. What next? Would the threat of the Kalihi note, "And we'll do it again," be carried out? Who would be the next victim?

And yet, across the island on the far side of the Pali, Sheriff Gleason held a *luau*, an Hawaiian feast. Pittman and Heen, the two lawyers who had defended the five, were there. Police officers were there.

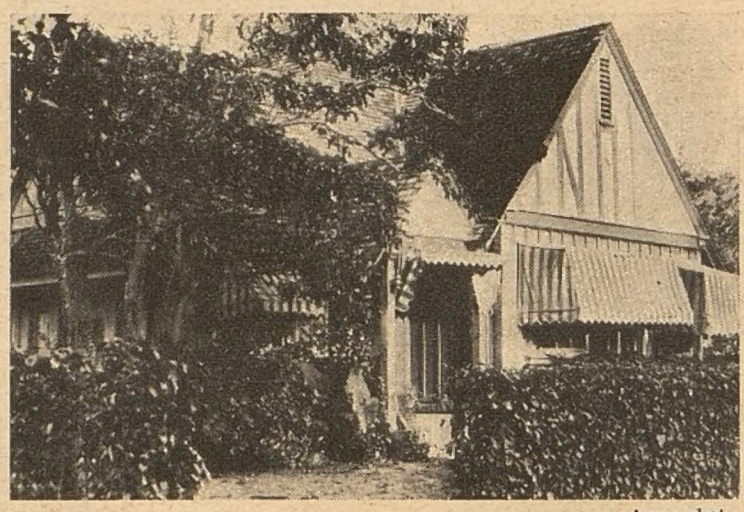
Monday morning, ships of the submarine division were ordered out for a five-day trial run. I was glad when Lieutenant Massie's request for leave was denied by Captain Wortman. Instead, the captain sent my daughter an armed patrol. In the late afternoon two sailors reported at her house. Later, one of them spoke to me:

"Is there any way you can get Mrs. Massie out, without frightening her too much? We've heard reports that, to get square for the seizure of Ida, his gang threatens to bomb her house tonight."

"We will go to my house," I replied, and went into my daughter's room. She and Helene were in bed chatting.

"Children," I said, "one of your guards says that he's heard that there may be trouble around here tonight. He thinks it might be better to move over to my house." So at half past twelve, with every light out, we crept into the motor and all decamped for my house.

From Monday until Friday, Jones and Bailey, two enlisted men, reported for duty as Thalia's guards every night at dusk. One, Jones, had lived many years in the South. He told me repeatedly of the horror the Ala Moana case had kindled in his squad. Later on, when we needed someone to help carry out our plans for obtaining a confession from Kahahawai, I remembered the sympathetic Jones.



Acme photo

This bungalow was the Massies' home.

After the publicity and the newspaper reaction from the States, the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce was forced to take a hand in the Ala Moana assault case. Commercially, it would not pay to let matters slide any longer. The affair could not be hushed up. The Chamber of Commerce offered a reward of $5,000 for evidence leading to a conviction. They engaged Frank Thompson to aid in the prosecution of a new trial. The attorney-general himself would take the case.

Mr. Harry Hewitt, United States attorney-general, called on Thalia one evening about eight o'clock for further data. As he was leaving, I stopped him a minute.

"Mr. Hewitt, there's one question I want to ask you. Lieutenant Massie is on duty tonight and Mrs.

Massie wants to sleep here alone. Do you think it is safe?"

He hesitated a minute and then answered, "I can only reply that I never leave my wife at home at night alone. Mrs. Hewitt is sitting outside in the motor now."

Three weeks later, Mr. Harry Hewitt, United States attorney-general, declared to the world at large that he considered Honolulu a safe place for women.

Two days before Christmas I went to see Judge Steadman. I was worried over Thalia. The defense could not hound her out of town—but if she were not present the case must fall, the five defendants go free.

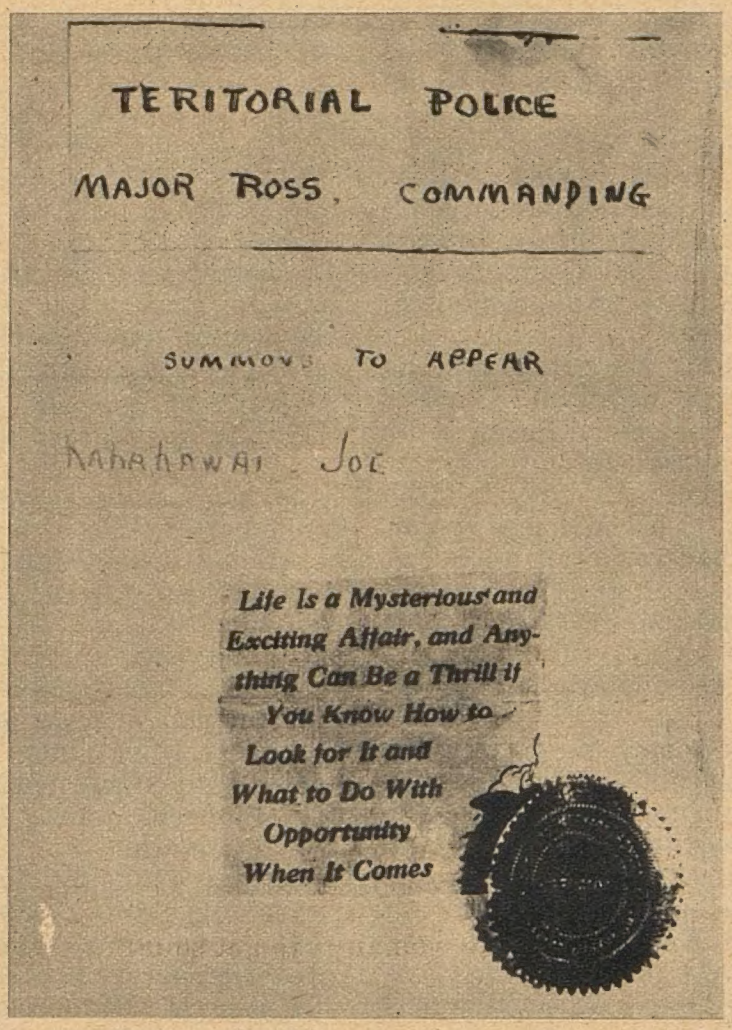
I feared for Thalia's life. I feared that Tommie could not stand the strain.

Judge Steadman had been considerate and kind to us during the trial. Now I went to beg him to put the defendants in jail.

"I cannot, Mrs. Fortescue. I feel as strongly about it as you do. Those men are a menace. I went so far as to suggest to their lawyers that they were safer in jail. As to raising the bail, the law distinctly states that bail must be within the limit the defendant can meet. There is no way those men can be put in prison to await the next trial. Every morning they come here to report to me. Never before in all my years of law have I demanded that of a defendant. There is nothing more I can do."

I left more than ever convinced that only through a confession could we expect the necessary evidence to block the circulated stories. I now knew the accused reported daily at the courthouse.

The night of December 31, two criminals climbed over the wall of the Honolulu jail. John Lane, a protégé of the Princess David Kawananakoa, was head of the Oahu prison, a position he had held for nearly ten years. The conditions in this prison, the laxity which allowed many prisoners to spend week-ends at home, were all known in Honolulu. There was said to be a sign at the entrance of the prison door, "Prisoners not in by nine o'clock will be locked out." Like most tourists, we had met the situation with incredulous laughter, but there were some men in Honolulu who felt differently and expressed their indignation to us.



Associated Press photo

The bogus warrant, made by Mrs. Fortescue, that was served on Kahahawai.

THE news of the escape of the two convicts was not made public until the morning of January 2. Those who read it greeted the account with a shrug of the shoulder. When, however, a ten-o'clock extra appeared on the streets saying that one of the escaped criminals had attacked a white woman in her own home in Wilhelmenia Rise, the affair assumed a different aspect. He was caught that night. But the other wandered for thirty days at large in the environs of Honolulu.

A civic organization for better government was planned by Mrs. Ann Kluegel. Conditions had reached the point where the women themselves demanded defense. After the Ida kidnaping, one hundred women had applied for permission to carry firearms. After the Wilhelmenia rape case, there was even a greater demand for revolvers. Women in Honolulu were not safe from lust-mad beasts even in their own homes. Territorial protection had failed.

Lyman, the escaped criminal, was reported to be in Moana Valley. If the complainant in our case were not here there would be no second trial. If she were found dead, Lyman, of course, would be declared responsible.

Meanwhile, the five boast in the streets and the rumors persist that the retrial will not be held until after the February maneuvers. The fleet will come and go while the court holds the trial in abeyance. Tommie will be at sea once more. My daughter will have to go through the ordeal without her husband by her side. If we had more evidence, the trial could be held earlier.

I decided to go to the courthouse. I might hear some news.

It was Tuesday morning, January 5. Mrs. Whitmore, the clerk of the court who had been with Judge Steadman during the first trial, spoke to me. "Good morning, Mrs. Fortescue. . . . No, the Ala Moana retrial may not come on the calendar until some time in February, perhaps not until March."

"Why do they delay the trial so long, Mrs. Whitmore?"

"THEY are afraid of a second hung jury. The defense so effectively riddled the prosecution and nullified the known evidence that it will be practically impossible to bring about a conviction unless one of the defendants confesses." The words rang in my brain: *unless one of the defendants confesses.*

"After another mistrial, the accused cannot be tried again. They go free."

"Go free?" I repeated. Mrs. Whitmore nodded.

"Are the five men still reporting here?"

"I have seen Ida around several times. And the big Hawaiian reports every morning."

The next morning I went to see Tommie before he should leave for the base.

"What in the world brings you over so early, Mrs. Fortescue?" he asked me.

"Kahahawai goes to the courthouse to report every day. We might get a confession from him, and then take it down to the editor of some newspaper. He'd surely publish it."

"Do you think it's possible?"

We had talked several minutes, canvassing the chances of success, when Tommie said:

"I went to see Major Ross last night. I told him who I was and he says he has been delegated to capture Lyman, then to assist in the assault case. I told him what I had heard yesterday at the base, that Kahahawai was ready to crack. He suggested we might get him up and question him. Kahahawai was in his territorial troop until he put him out."

And so Tommie talked on about his evening's adventures. I only half heard.

I decided to go again to the courthouse. I would study the lay of the land.

Again I met Mrs. Whitmore. She was standing on the veranda holding some mail. "I heard a rumor," I told her, "that two of the accused are over at Hilo arrested for stealing a motor, that they stole it to get jail protection."

"I doubt it. Wait a moment. I'll see if Mr. Dickson knows anything about it." I waited. In a few minutes she came back. "One of the defendants is just reporting now. Mr. Dickson will be right here. You can talk with him."

The probation officer appeared. "Mr. Dickson, this is Mrs. Fortescue."

"No, there is no truth in your rumor," he informed me. "The men all reported to me Monday. Kahahawai, the big Hawaiian, has just been in this morning. They don't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

all come together. I tell them what hours to report. I can't have them dropping in on me at any odd time."

I went to a newspaper office to get copies of the defendants' pictures. I studied Kahahawai's features. I feared I might not recognize him.

Let's see where the Hawaiian lives. I consult my newspaper clipping. A lane between Lilihi and Kukui. I go to the library for a map of Honolulu. I locate the lane. I go there. A tenement-house rabbit warren on the right-hand side of Kukui.

I calculate our chances of finding him there. No, impossible. I go home.

Outside my house I see Lieutenant Massie. It is about twelve o'clock. He had been called to town by Thompson.

Has Thompson any new evidence?

"No, he just wanted to know about my call on Ross and where I got the news that Kahahawai would crack."

We had been told that Kahahawai had confessed to his stepfather. We believe that we can persuade him to confess to us. How are we to get him to my house? We need help.

"Ask the guard Jones, Tommie. He often said he wanted to help in any way. We can trust him, I know."

Next morning I am in front of the official building by eight o'clock. There are lines of parked motors but few pedestrians on King Street at that early hour. I watch the hands on the clock creep to ten. I do not see Kahahawai. Would I recognize him? I had tried not to look at those five leering faces. The newspaper clipping with his picture is pinned in the back of my purse. I look at it from time to time.

Ten thirty. I must go. Some friends are coming for luncheon.

Late that afternoon, the guests gone home, I was sitting reading. Lieutenant Massie came into the house. Two men were with him. One of the men was Jones, who had been our sentry for that week in December. The other boy I had never seen before. He was one of the boxers in Jones' squad. Tommie had told them of our plan to obtain a confession from Kahahawai. He had brought the men to town and down to the Y. M. C. A. where they had shifted into the civilian clothes they now wore.

As we four sat in that little room, I did not realize how much the two men were going to enter into our lives. That day I merely saw the two men as sailors willing to help. In the months that followed I knew them to be loyal, brave, and trustworthy—compatriots in every sense of the word.

We decide to get into my car now and run down to King Street, where all of us can look over the ground. We motor past the courthouse.

The men question the feasibility of giving Kahahawai the warrant there.

"Let's have a look where he lives." I guide them to the rabbit warren. "No, nothing there."

The courthouse offers the best chance.

I drive Tommie home. Helene is there. I tell her I am going to be out late playing bridge. Will she spend the night with Thalia, so as not to be alone? I kiss her. "Good night, dear." The next time I see Helene is in the police station where I am under charge of murder in the first degree!

Alone in my house, I review our plans. Kahahawai is to be brought to my home. We will get a confession from him. The confession signed, we will take it to the newspaper office. News? Surely the editor will bring out an extra.

I go to my desk to make out the warrant. I would typewrite it, to make it look professional, but the machine is at Thalia's house. I print it.

TERITORIAL POLICE

MAJOR ROSS COMMANDING

SUMMONS TO APPEAR

KAHAHAWAI, JOE

It seems scant. Lying on the desk before me is the morning paper. A paragraph, just the right size to fill the vacant space, catches my eye:

> Life is a mysterious and exciting affair and anything can be a thrill if you know how to look for it, and what to do with opportunity when it comes.

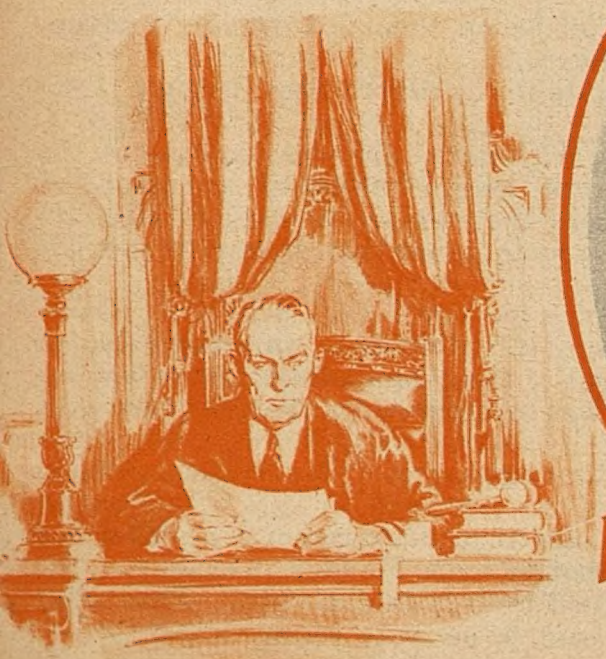
I cut it out and paste it on the warrant. There, that looks better.

All now depends on finding Kahahawai. I take his picture from my purse. Again I study that brutal, repulsive black face. . . .

I read until I become sleepy. I go to bed about ten o'clock. I wake up later. Nearly twelve. The lights still burn in the living room. The men hadn't come in. Suddenly I hear them outside. It must have been their motor that awakened me.

They creep quietly in, trying not to disturb me. I go to sleep again.

Friday morning, January 8, six o'clock. I get up, dress, make coffee. Soon Tommie comes over. We drink coffee together. "See my grand warrant!" We laugh over the philosophical paragraph. Time to wake the others. Tommie calls, "Get up, men." I arrange breakfast for the two sailors. "Don't you want some eggs? I have them all cooked for you." "No, thank you, ma'am. Just coffee, please." The eggs harden in the skil-

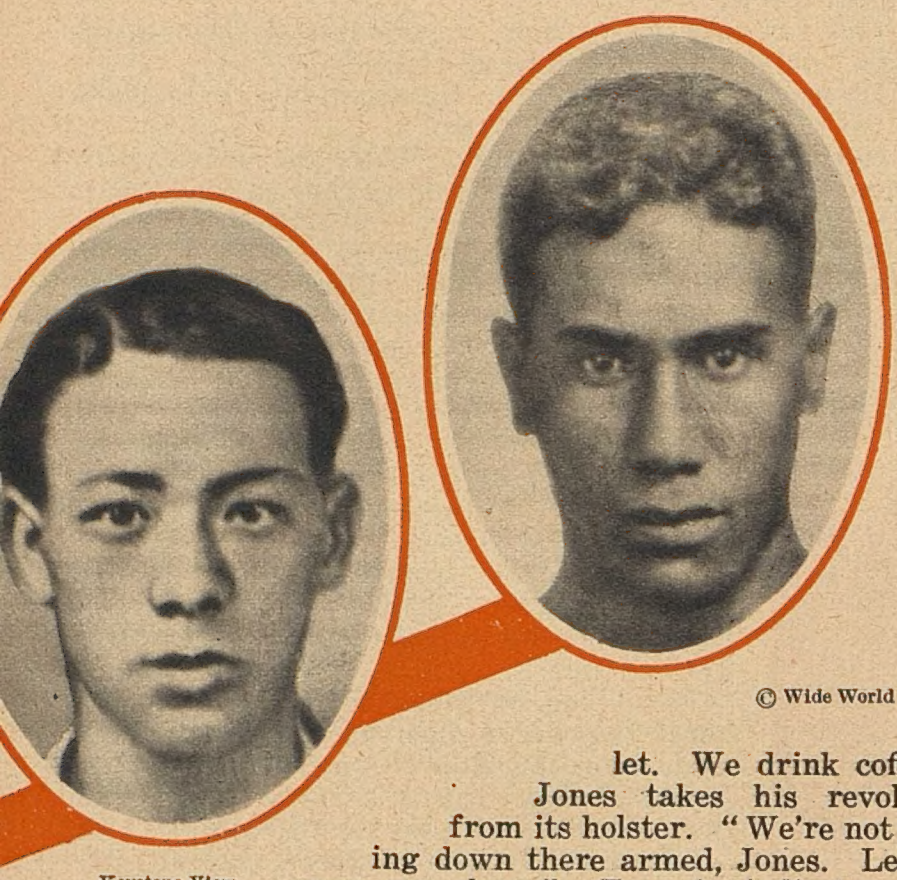


Keystone View photos

Here are the five Hawaiians, young roughs of the loafer-gangster type, whom Mrs. Massie accused of criminal assault with the most brutal violence. Left to right: Horace Ida (Japanese), Henry Chang (part Chinese), Benny Ahakuelo (Hawaiian native), David Takei (Japanese), and Joseph Kahahawai (Hawaiian native). She positively identified them all except Takei. It was Kahahawai, she said, who had broken her jaw.

Wide World photo

The four who were tried for the killing of Kahahawai. Left to right, Albert O. Jones, Mrs. Fortescue, E. J. Lord, Lieutenant Massie.



© Wide World photo

Keystone View photo

let. We drink coffee. Jones takes his revolver from its holster. "We're not going down there armed, Jones. Leave your gun here." Tommie indicates the kitchen sideboard. Jones puts his gun down.

I look at my wrist watch from time to time.

"We ought to be leaving. We should be there by eight o'clock."

The big blue sedan is parked in the garage driveway. My small roadster stands before it. Coming out the front door, Tommie drops his revolver on the settee which flanks the doorway. He shoves it back of the cushions. Outside, I climb in my car. The three men, Tommie in the driver's seat with goggles and gloves to impersonate a chauffeur, the other two in the rear seat, get in the sedan. We start.

I draw up before the courthouse door, the same place I parked the two previous mornings. I was seen each day. I shall be seen again today. Why not? We have nothing to conceal.

Tommie stops the sedan on the main street in front of the post office. Jones and Lord get out. I leave my car and cross the street to them. We decide that Lord will go to the rear of the building, Jones with the warrant to wait in front.

"Here's a picture of the native, Jones. I cut it out of the paper." He studied it. And so we waited.

The hands of the courthouse clock, which pointed to seven fifty-five when we arrived, gradually creep around. Mrs. Whitmore, whom I saw yesterday, stops again and chats, then goes inside.

A minute later we see two natives cross the courthouse grounds: one big, heavy, dressed in a blue shirt and a brown cap—Kahahawai; the other small, insignificant. I scarcely notice him. The two pass in front of my car and enter the courthouse. Jones comes forward to speak to me. "Which?"

"The big one."

"O. K."

Two, three minutes pass.

From the courthouse door two figures emerge. Jones turns. The two natives cross the park. Jones, the warrant in his hand, follows them. I glance back to Tommie in the blue sedan parked across the street. He nods. I start my motor.

Jones taps the big native on the shoulder.

"Are you Kahahawai? Major Ross wants to see you." He shows him the warrant. "The major wants to ask you what happened last Saturday night. Nothing to worry about."

The native hesitates. Tommie runs the big sedan up alongside the curb. Jones opens the door. "Get in." Kahahawai climbs in, Jones follows him. "To Major Ross's," he calls to the man in the chauffeur's seat. The blue sedan chugs off.

I wait a minute, watching the second man standing on the curb puzzled. Glancing back, I see Lord coming around the side of the courthouse. I signal him to cross. I pick him up on King Street. The sedan has disappeared down the avenue. I speed on. At the next crossroad I catch sight of the car with the three men. I follow them as they turn up the street leading to my house, swing into the garage entrance—stop.

Tommie gets out first. He tells the others to wait. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HONOLULU MARTYRDOM
Continued from page nine]

strides into the little back entrance. A moment later he calls, "Major Ross is here."

Tommie reënters the kitchen. Lying on the sideboard, where Jones left it, is the .32 automatic. Tommie picks it up.

As I pass through the front door, which stands wide open, I see Tommie in the living room. Jones brings in the Hawaiian. Tommie turns. He steps towards Kahahawai.

"Do you know who I am?"

The Hawaiian looks up sullenly. "Yeah, I guess so."

"I think you do. And I want the truth from you. I got you up here to tell the whole story of what happened in September, and I want the truth." Tommie faces the burly native, features tense, his whole figure taut as an arrow. The front door still stands open.

"Wait a minute, Tommie. I'll close the door." I step forward. A chair blocks the door. I move the chair. Kahahawai sits down in it.

"Sit over there." I point to the chaise longue facing out into the room. He drops on the edge of the long chair. Lord, who entered with me, crosses to the dining-room alcove. Jones stands beside me. I whisper to him:

"You go outside and watch." I close the front door behind him, then sit down on the settee by the entrance. I watch Tommie standing above the brutish Hawaiian.

"You did your lying in the courtroom, but you're going to tell the whole truth—now."

A sullen sneer appears on the native's face. "I don't know nothin'."

"Where were you the night of September twelfth?"

"I don't know, I tell you."

"You were at the Waikiki dance hall, weren't you? How did you leave?"

"I went down Kalakaua Avenue and Beretania, and—I don't know; I tell 'em in court. I—I—" He stammers.

"I know you are not telling the truth. I warn you; you had better tell it now."

"I say I don't know nothin'. I was drunk."

Suddenly Tommie leans forward. "Who kicked the woman?" His voice is low, sharp.

"Nobody kicked her."

"Now I know you're lying. How do you know a woman wasn't kicked if you didn't have a woman with you?" Tommie's every muscle is drawn.

"We didn't have any woman."

WITH each answer, he grows more sullen, confused. He grumbles, "I told all I knew in court."

I get up from the settee. "There's no use fooling with him any longer, Tommie. Let Jones get the others."

Kahahawai glances at me. With the mention of "others" his eyelids blink nervously.

"All right, if you're not going to talk, we're going to make you talk. You know what happened to Ida. You know what he got. But that's nothing compared to what you're going to get if you don't tell the whole story now."

Again, "I don't know nothing."

Tommie turns to Lord. "All right, Lord, go out and get the boys and he'll talk."

Lord strides out through the kitchen door. I see the Hawaiian's eyes follow Lord uncertainly as though gauging his chance to escape.

He shuffles forward in his seat. When Lord has left the room, Tommie speaks slowly:

"You are a prizefighter, aren't you? That's how you know exactly where to strike a woman to break her jaw."

The room is tense, still. The native shifts in the chair. Small, erect, dominating, the young naval officer faces the man who attacked his wife.

Suddenly he shouts, "You assaulted her—I know it! You and the rest!" His voice hoarse, his eyes smoldering, Tommie stares straight into the dark, sullen face.

A pause. Then Kahahawai snarls, "Yeah, we done it."

For a minute I sat motionless. Then I rose from my seat, turned towards my desk to get paper and pen.

Suddenly the room vibrated with a shot. I wheeled around. Kahahawai stretched up against the arm of the chaise longue. Facing him, Tommie stood transfixed, the pistol at his feet. . . .

I stared, dazed. Slowly the realization of what had happened seeped into my brain.

"What have you done?" Whether I spoke the words aloud or not, I do not know.

I crossed to the native. His body, rigid for a minute, slumped down in the chair. I pulled open his shirt. I saw the bullet hole—a round, blue-red hole in the dark skin just above his heart.

Jones hurried in through the front door, Lord from the kitchen.

"Get some water." One brought a towel from the bathroom, the other a glass of water. I wiped the native's mouth. Foam—and then blood. Kahahawai was dead.

WHETHER it was two minutes or five minutes, I don't know. Time didn't register. He was dead. There was nothing we could do. I turned towards Tommie, still standing erect, still staring before him, eyes fixed unseeing, unknowing. . . . I have seen men die. I have had four months' hospital training in the New York Presbyterian Hospital. I have seen men dead in Belgium in the War, but never before have I seen a man motionless, rigid, unconscious on his feet.

I crossed to his side. I took his arm.

"Come with me, Tommie. It's all right. You didn't mean to do it."

I led him into the kitchen. I made him sit down at the little, round table. "It'll be all right."

My words fell on deaf ears. He stared into space, blank to the world about him.

In the next room the two sailors lifted the native's body from the chair. I could hear them as they carried it into the bathroom.

What were we to do?

I stepped into the living room. Blood-stained towels lay on the chaise longue, the revolver on the floor, a brown cap on the sofa, mute reminders of the tragedy. Mechanically I stooped, picked up the pistol and put it down on the table. What next? The flight instinct—yes. To get out of here, away. My only thought was flight. Could we get the body into the car, I would drive to the sea. Where? I didn't know. Just to the sea.

Jones came in from the bathroom. "If we had some rope, Mrs. Fortescue, we could tie the body up in sheets and carry it away in the motor."

But I had no rope. And then I remembered the coil of rope that Lieutenant Massie had got in October to make a runway for Kriss, his dog. It was in his house, lying on the closet floor with the tennis balls.

"I can get some rope, Jones, over at Lieutenant Massie's house."

"And a clean shirt, too." Jones showed me his cuffs, splotched with blood.

"Go to Lieutenant Massie, Jones. See if you can do anything for him."

I went out the front door, and in my car drove over to the other house. Beatrice, the little Japanese maid, was in the kitchen. My daughter was in her room, the door closed. My younger daughter, asleep in the spare room we two had occupied so long, her yellow hair mussed with sleep, turned as I came into the room. Softly I crept towards the closet.

On the floor lay the coil of rope. I picked it up, and from the dressing table drawer I took two shirts. With these hidden under my coat I drove back to my house.

Mrs. Fortescue's own story of the events that followed—the arrest, the preliminaries to the murder trial, and the coming of Clarence Darrow to the aid of the defense—will be told in Liberty next week.

THREE PRAISEWORTHY
Educational Projects

By DR. SEUSS

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MISS BUTTEKNECH'S SCHOOL

"ALL schools," says Miss Nanny Butteknech, "neglect one thing, and without this thing a kiddie is simply a mug. They never teach a child to stifle its yawns. We teach this art with the help of a Yawn-Spaniel, Bruckner. Bruckner, whose yawns are highly contagious, keeps the darlings at it until such time as they get the stifling act down pat."

THE KRAUSENBEIN ACADEMY

"PARENTS are funny," says Thaddeus Krausenbein, "when it comes to Piggyback Riding. They just take chances. It is to the safer enjoyment of this sport that my academy is dedicated. Any child winning my Bachelor of Piggybackery Degree can ride his old man, sober or blotto, upstairs and down, with nary a fear of coming a cropper."

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THE NELKWOOD INSTITUTE

"My third birthday," says Prof. W. Nelkwood, "saw the most embarrassing moment of my entire life. Unable to blow out my birthday candles at one blast, I became the laughingstock of all my guests. In the Nelkwood Institute of Candle-Blowing-Out I hope to save other tots from acquiring inferiority complexes in the way I got mine."

CHERUB Gets Out

The Story of a Sentimental Burglar and a Crook Who Was Paid in His Own Coin

Pictures by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

(Reading time: 30 minutes 57 seconds.)

JIMMY LACE and his wife are privileged ornaments of the younger Court set. They have a charming little house in Berkeley Street, a small but well found hunting box in the Whaddon country, and a much-photographed baby daughter whose godfather is a royal prince. Jimmy commands the King's Company of his regiment, has served on two royal staffs, and plays the kind of polo that makes the Ranelagh crowd gasp and forget tea. To look at, he is the blue-eyed, gilt-edged, eyeglassed guardsman of tradition.

But that which strikes the spectator's eye does not necessarily hit the bull's-eye. Jimmy has certain intriguing characteristics which lift him out of the type mold and make it difficult even for his brother officers to put a label on him. To begin with, he has more than his share of that incalculable "over-the-top" spirit acquired at the war, and, as an offset to that immovable disk of crystal wedged into the angle of his straight nose and straighter brow, he chews gum and speaks with a slight American drawl. The gum is an antidote to the habit of smoking, which is bad for the wind; and the accent is an inheritance from his mother, who was one of the New York Merrimans.

On a certain June morning Jimmy walked into his wife's boudoir and ruffled the hair of the head she was bending over a stack of invitations and accounts. He had just come in from a rehearsal of Trooping the Color on the Horse Guards Parade. Dropping his bearskin into an emblazoned side drum at the side of her desk, and expertly tonguing a cud of chewing gum into the hollow of his lean cheek, he said:

"The worst of this honor-and-glory business, Pat, is that you can't draw a check on it. It's like that drum. Makes a deuce of a rattle when it's at the head of a company marching down Birdcage Walk, but gets made into a waste-paper basket when it can't keep the pace."

"Why this revolting attack of originality, Jimmy?" she smiled. "Did one of your guardsmen drop his gun on parade this morning?"

Jimmy dexterously removed his sword from its gold-lace slings, and replied:

"He did not. Neither did the adjutant faint or the colonel kiss the sergeant major. I've just dropped in on

of a JAM

By

FRANK E. VERNEY

DROPPING his bearskin, and tonguing a cud of gum into his cheek, he said: "The worst of this honor-and-glory business, Pat, is that you can't draw a check on it."

our honored friend Mr. Cox, alias Lloyds, who, in the winsome lingo of his calling, has requested me to remit him a check in liquidation of our overdraft."

"Then why not give the poor man one, darling—and get a new check book at the same time? We've a sinister lot of bills. Baby and nurse should go to Bognor for a month, and we are throwing a duty party at Claridge's on Monday, and there are my frocks for the two Courts. It costs quite a packet to be your wife, Jimmy."

"Quite," Jimmy agreed, rolling the chewing gum back along strong white teeth. "That's just as it should be. That's why they pay a Guards officer as much as Ikey-Mo gives his chauffeur, and in the spring your young husband's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of L. S. D. I'm looking for—"

"You are not serious, are you, Jimmy?" she interrupted, looking at him intently. "If we are dipped again, I'll cancel those frocks and go in some old ones. And we can wash out the dinner party. Or I'll pop my necklace."

Jimmy, as a matter of fact, was perfectly serious, for his bank account had just been debited with various mess, band, and other subscriptions which had swallowed his quarter's pay and a good bit besides. But as he is not the kind of husband that inflicts financial disturbances on his wife, he did not say so.

"Listen to the woman!" he declaimed. "Of course I am not serious." He kissed her. "I believe you'd wallow in selling everything you've got but me and the baby, so we'll change the subject before I get sentimental. Now, have you seen a long, official-looking document lying about—headed with the frolicsome inscription, Black List? I've a notion I carelessly left it on your desk in the small hours of this morning."

"I have," she said, fishing a double sheet of army foolscap out of a pigeonhole. "What on earth is it all about?"

"It won't interest you, beloved—hand it over."

"It interests me very much. What is it for?"

SHE smoothed out the intriguing sheet on her shagreen blotter and ran a tinted finger down a list of names, some of which she recognized. Opposite each name was a merciless tabulation of the wealth, morals, and peculiarities of the owner. In a Remarks column were pungent summaries of each individual, such as "a conscienceless skunk"; "received a life peerage instead of a life sentence"; "sold dud shells."

Looking up, she surprised an amused and enigmatic smile on his mobile mouth, and demanded again:

"What is it? Have you been appointed chucker-out to the Lord Chamberlain, or is it something to do with your martial duties?"

"Neither, Nosey Parker," said Jimmy sweetly. "It is merely a new game, invented by me some time ago, for the adequate maintenance of honor and glory, past and present—the administration of a new kind of justice. From him that hath shall be taken away, and to him that hath not shall be given. Satisfied?"

"No. Tell me what it is truly."

"Certainly, Lady Patricia Lace. That little schedule you have beneath your brawn palms is a roll of unjugged crooks. All of 'em frightfully respectable. Every one of 'em has more money than we've ever seen, and every man jack of them made his pile out of a somewhat ancient affair called the Great War."

"Why crooks? There are people we know here. Making money out of the war wasn't crooked, surely?"

"Surely it was. Crooked as hell! That money is our money as surely as if these coves pinched it out of the pockets of the coats we took off when we went to France!"

"I did not go to France," she objected half flippantly.

"Your father did, and so did your brother—and stopped there. Your people paid death duties twice into the bargain—which is why you now have two hundred a year instead of a thousand. My lot did the same. Which is why Barney the brewer lives at Lace Place instead of us. Now, whose money is it?"

"But legally, I mean—"

"Legally be darned!" said Jimmy. "We took the knocks and they took the profits. They are still taking 'em. And we are still paying. Look at all the fellers who are still down and out in consequence. Have you got a pin?"

"Of course I've got a pin. Here's one."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MacLevy kicked back his chair and stood up. "I've no more time to waste on you, Lace."

[CHERUB GETS OUT OF A JAM
Continued from page thirteen]

"Shut your eyes and jab it in among those names," he ordered. "Same as you did when you picked the winner of the Derby."

She closed her eyes and jabbed.

"Who's the winner?"

"MacLevy," she announced. "That's the man who bought the Lamings' place, and wants to buy Mary as well."

And it was at that precise moment that the door opened and a young man with the round, well fed face of a Guards subaltern looked in.

"Can I have a word with you, Jimmy?" he inquired with some urgency.

"Two words, Cherub," said Jimmy, "if you'll walk right in like a soldier and a gentleman. Pat won't bite you. It's her closed season for the young and innocent."

He came in. "Excuse me barging in like this, Lady Pat," he apologized. "Could I have a whisky and soda?" And he flung himself down in a chair.

"You can, Cherub," she said. "But what on earth is the matter? What have you been doing to yourself?" His blue lounge suit was crumpled, there was a glint of unshaven hair on his well shaped jaw, and beneath his gray, strained eyes were little blobs of purple shadow.

"Jones—bring Lord Anley some whisky and soda," Jimmy instructed the butler, who had followed the visitor in.

"I'll go and order some lunch for you, Jackie," Patricia said, and she followed the butler out of the room.

Anley waited until the door had closed. Then he got up, crossed quickly to Lace, and said: "Jimmy—I've got to have two thousand pounds. Can you lend it to me?"

"At the moment, Cherub," said Jimmy, "I could not lend you two thousand bob."

FOR a minute the boy stared frozenly at his brother officer. Then he laughed a laugh that was not good to hear, said, "Thanks, old boy," turned and strode toward the door.

Jimmy barred his path, took him by both shoulders, and snapped crisply:

"You don't go out of this room till you've told me what this is all about."

"I'll go where the hell I like!" said the boy in flat tones. "Let go, Jimmy. It's no good talking."

"You'll do as your company commander tells you," Jimmy ordered. "Here's your whisky"—as the butler entered with a tray.

Anley pulled himself together in the presence of the servant, watched him out of the room.

When Anley had gulped down the spirit Jimmy pushed him into a chair and said: "Now let's have it. What is all this shimozzle?"

"I tell you it's no use, Jimmy. All the cracking in the world won't help. I'm damned sorry to have come bleating in on you like this. Now I'll push off." And he got up.

"Blast you, Anley!" said Jimmy. "Have I given you an order or haven't I?"

Anley gazed into the ruthless blue eyes and slowly sat down again.

"All right," he surrendered wearily. "You might as well know now as later. I lost two thousand quid the other night at cards, and unless I pay up by twelve o'clock tomorrow the whole thing goes to the C. O."

Jimmy whistled. "Whom did you lose it to?" he asked curtly.

"MacLevy," said the boy.

"MacLevy," said Jimmy softly. "Well, I'm damned." And he glanced at the sheet of foolscap on Patricia's blotter. "And how did you come to gamble for those stakes? And with MacLevy of all people?"

"God knows!" said Anley. "I'd been to the annual regimental dinner. You know what that is."

Jimmy did know. To his mind flashed a picture of "Cherub" Anley and a few other postwar subalterns seated at a great table with a hundred past officers of the regiment, religiously drinking toast after toast to fallen comrades they had never known and battles they had never fought in, while the pipers of the regiment marched around them.

"I'd won the cup at Hawthorne Hill the same day," Anley went on. "And Mary Laming had more or less agreed to marry me. I'd been in training for a couple of months, as you know, and the stuff went to my head. MacLevy was at the dinner. We went down to his place and started playing cards."

"It's not like you to mop up more than you can hold—or to plunge beyond your limits. Did you have anything to drink at MacLevy's?"

"I don't know— Yes. He dug up some special whisky liqueur—when we got there."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Jimmy thoughtfully. "Does he know you can't pay your losses?"

FRANK E. VERNEY

the author of this story, saw service in the British army in the World War, gained the Military Cross, and was seriously wounded. Subsequently, official duties took him to South Africa, Constantinople, and Khartoum. Major Verney is the author of a book on the Prince of Wales, and is also the man who planned the ceremonies for burial of the Unknown Warrior.

ANLEY nodded. "I've just come from his office. I'd already been once. I told him I'd been trying to raise the money and hadn't an earthly chance.

"He practically kicked me out. Told me I'd gambled for his money on the strength of being an officer in the brigade, knowing I couldn't pay if I lost. And if I don't pay tomorrow he sends a copy of my I O U to orderly room and to the War House."

Slowly he stood up again: "It's the regiment I'm thinking of. It's up to me to pay—or—"

"Or what?" asked Jimmy.

The Cherub did not reply. He did not have to. Jimmy knew exactly what was in his mind. There was more than youthful desperation behind that uncompleted sentence. To Anley, defaulting on a private gambling debt bulked as a betrayal of the honor of the mess.

"You deserve a darned good kicking in the pants," said Jimmy slowly. "But methinks there's more in this than meets the eye. Meanwhile—I'll fix that I O U for you." And he laid his hand on his subaltern's shoulder.

Anley stood quite still. "I'm not going to have you chasing round trying to borrow money on my account, Jimmy—if that's what you intend to do. Let me stew in my own juice."

"My young old horse, don't fret yourself," said Jimmy. "The only people in this little old town who'd lend an impecunious soldier anything that's any good are those who haven't got it. Those who have got it take darned good care to stick to it. Come and talk to Pat and the baby while I change my glory garments for something I can spill soup on."

Mr. Maxwell MacLevy of MacLevy, Limited, the famous distillers, is as tall as Jimmy, nearly as good-looking as Jimmy, and not more than four years older than Jimmy. But there the resemblance ends.

He plays golf fairly regularly, so that he can drink as his business demands; but his chief relaxations are women and poker.

In business and out of it, he is regarded as a hard case. Which is an understatement.

LACE was the last person MacLevy expected to walk into his office. But he had soldiered with Jimmy for a brief and well advertised period in the Great War, and knew enough about him to feel no surprise.

"Well, Lace—what can I do for you?" he inquired in the bluff and slightly suspicious manner of a seven-figure genus.

Jimmy lifted the crease of his trousers clear of his knees before crossing them comfortably, and said blandly:

"That is what I have come to find out. I believe in giving every dog a chance to bury his own bone."

MacLevy considered his visitor amusedly across the top of his big mahogany desk.

"You know what the girl said to the soldier, don't you?" he began. "Or haven't you heard that one?"

"No," said Jimmy pleasantly; "and if it's one of your dirty stories I don't want to. I haven't come here to buy a shipload of whisky, so no smut is expected or required. I haven't seen you since you became a full-blown millionaire. What does it feel like?"

"What do you think it feels like? I can't drink any more, and I can't eat any more. The only difference is that I've had to engage an extra secretary to deal with begging letters."

"What do you do with them?" Jimmy asked with interest.

"Waste-paper basket, of course. If I gave all these infernal cadgers what they asked for I'd soon be writing begging letters myself."

Jimmy removed his eyeglass, polished it, replaced it again, and said impartially:

"I see. What-you-have-you-hold kind of thing. I suppose a lot of those letters come from down-and-out ex-warriors, widows, war cripples, and other poor devils who've helped to pay for your racing stables and what not."

"What are you driving at?" asked MacLevy. "You don't expect *me* to keep these improvident bastards, do you? Old-soldier talk cuts no ice with me. I did my bit in the war the same as them—or you."

Jimmy eyed him curiously before answering pleasantly:

"You did. A month at the Guards camp at Calais. Then you wangled your way back to attend to the nationally important work of circulating whisky to the warriors on the home front and shekels into the family till. After the Armistice you got busy among those improvident bastards you mention, selling 'em peace and good will at so much a case—with no charge for the bottles—thus doing your bit toward making various countries fit for heroes to live in, as the saying goes. So your old-soldier talk cuts no ice with me. Now we can get on to the next item."

MacLevy kicked back his chair and stood up.

"I've no more time to waste on you, Lace. If that's all you've come for, you can get out."

"It isn't all," said Jimmy imperturbably. "What I came for was to inquire why you took Lord Anley down to your place the other evening, made him tight, and induced him to play for stakes you knew damned well he could not afford."

"What in hell do you mean by that?" MacLevy asked quietly, nasally, and unpleasantly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page fifteen

"What do *you* mean by it?" Jimmy rejoined. "It was a dirtier trick than you are. If you had been an ordinary crook, needing the money and taking risks to get it, there might be some gleam of explanation—though even that sort of crook wouldn't try and gyp a feller who hadn't got anything to be gypped of."

MacLevy the millionaire sat down and became MacLevy the whisky salesman and bar habitué.

"I'll tell you damned well what I mean by it," he said. "I intend taking some of the swank out of your lot, and I've been intending it ever since your high and mighty relics crossed me off the honorary membership of your mess and chevied me out of the Guards Club. You can't get away with that sort of thing on me!"

Jimmy looked him over, his jaws working reflectively.

"I see," he said. "MacLevy, you merely got what was coming to you. A millionaire in a regimental mess gets the same medicine as a bloke who hasn't a bob. But in trying to completely discredit Lord Anley I guess you have another motive also—to clear the way for your plans with a certain lady you are both interested in. What?"

MacLevy became the masterful whisky magnate.

"Very well," he said sardonically. "There are no witnesses. You can add that in if you like. It comes to the same thing. The difference between me and you fellers who strut about with medals on your chests and nothing in your pockets is that when I want a thing I go out and get it, and anybody who gets in the way must look out for themselves. Now what about it?"

"This," said Jimmy, rolling the cud of chewing gum into the hollow of his lean cheek and fixing MacLevy with a cold blue eye. "You can either tear up that I O U of Lord Anley's, as the simplest way out of an extremely swinelike business, or you can give him as much time as he needs to pay it. That will be much the cheapest for you in the end, and I'm giving you the opportunity."

"Opportunity be damned!" said MacLevy. "Anley's I O U is in my safe, and there it stops until it goes to Wellington Barracks tomorrow. I pay cash for my amusements, and he must do the same."

Jimmy got up and drawled: "Very well. I guess that clears the atmosphere. You've told me the few things I wanted to know. We will see what we can do about it."

"You can go to hell," said MacLevy. "That's all you can do about it."

AT eleven o'clock that same evening, Captain and Brevet Major James Lace, resplendent in evening clothes, lounged lazily down the crowded great staircase of Londonderry House. He had duly been received by his hostess and a royal prince, danced a few dances in the ballroom, mislaid his wife, and generally registered his presence at that distinguished function. There was a great mob of decorative and decorated people in the hall, a number gossiping in the fresh air of the outer steps, and a few taking a breather on the pavement outside.

Nobody took particular notice of Jimmy's strategic drift through these to the nearest public car park. Patricia's car was fast, and just over half an hour after leaving Londonderry House its headlights gleamed on the bleached-oak ring fence that encircles Laming Park.

Here Jimmy drove the car off the road into a picnic clearing in a clump of fir trees, and turned off the lights. Slipping a pair of rubbers over his evening shoes to protect them from sand and gravel, he strolled back to the road and sought the wicket gate which gave admittance to a right of way across the estate. He had often used this when stopping with the Lamings for the pheasant shooting. But the gate was no longer there. MacLevy had closed the path by extending the fence across it. It was characteristic of MacLevy to deny an ancient right of way to a rural community that was not rich enough to fight him for it. Switching on his pocket torch, Jimmy discovered a further obstacle in a two-foot barrier of barbed wire at the top of the eight-foot fence.

He went back to the car, reversed it on to the road again, and drove to the nearest lodge entrance. There was, of course, no lodge keeper on duty at that hour.

Like any other late caller, Jimmy got down and opened the gate himself. He did not close the gate after driving in, but took a tire chain and a small spring padlock from his car locker, and secured the bottom bar of the gate to the short white post that held it open. Halfway up to the house, he backed into a side drive which led to the stables, where he again switched off the lights.

HE was only just in time to step behind a screen before a footman entered, and with him the butler.

INSTEAD of walking up the drive to the pillared Georgian entrance of the mansion he knew so well, he took to the close-clipped turf and such cover as was afforded by a great box hedge and a line of pungent cedars. Beneath an Italian pergola of gray stone and massed roses, he halted and stared across what had once been a sunk English garden.

In the center of it, just below the upper terrace, was a tiled swimming pool with a fountain playing in the middle. And beyond the fountain he could see half a dozen people playing pitch-back in front of a pavilion hung with enormous Chinese lanterns. They were all in bathing dress, and by the flash of bare backs and the sound of their laughter he knew some of them were women. A champagne cork popped in the pavilion and a girl's voice called out shrilly: "The man's tight—he can't turn the damned thing on!" The answer to that was a good-humored oath and the sudden blare of a portable wireless raggedly picking up the relay of the Savoy supper band.

Jimmy descended the slope on his left and skirted the tennis courts on the lower level. A broad flight of steps took him to the stone flags of the main terrace, where, in the shadow of a gigantic peacock yew, he stopped to reconnoiter. There was no one on this balustraded sweep, but several of the big French windows were open, and through one of them only came the sound of voices. Jimmy, in his rubbered shoes, sauntered easily but cautiously toward this, until he could just see into the room.

MacLevy, with four other men in dinner clothes, was sitting at a card table. Between each couple stood a dumb-waiter with drinks and cigars. Jimmy recognized one of the players as a successful racing man who had once won the heavyweight championship of England, and another—here he grinned queerly—as a sporting but extremely efficient assistant commissioner of Scotland Yard. The other two looked like prosperous whisky travelers, which in fact they were. He was about to move on, when the Scotland Yard man remarked:

"And the odd thing about these burglaries was that in each case we found a small square of medal ribbon—the red-white-and-blue-waved ribbon of the 1914-15 Star."

"Obviously a blind," said MacLevy, shuffling the cards. "What you want at the Yard is a few business men."

"I wonder," was the dry retort. "It was a business

man that was robbed in each instance. And a rich one, too. Anyway, that's why we never caught 'em. Not the vestige of a clue but that same carefully planted bit of medal ribbon."

Jimmy edged farther toward the terrace balustrade and crossed the light beam where it merged into the shadow of the building. Lounging inward again with as much outward nonchalance as if he were an invited guest, but keeping his handkerchief to the lower part of his face as though blowing his nose, he passed to the nearer of the next two open doors. This and its fellow, as Jimmy knew, led on to the main lounge, and he found it deserted. He went inside and swiftly crossed the room toward the inner door.

HE had nearly reached this when the door knob rattled, and he was only just in time to step behind a tall silk screen before a footman entered, and with him the butler. Jimmy stood as still as the piece of statuary on the ebony plinth at his side.

"Shut them windows," said the butler.

"Wot about them 'igh-jinkers outside?" asked the footman.

"What about them?" the butler rejoined. "They can come in by the card room or the 'ouse door, can't they? They ain't as drunk as hall that. One of these fine days we'll 'ave one of these cat burglars 'oppin' in, and then where'll you be?"

"In bed, I 'ope," said the footman, closing door number one and bolting it.

"That's all you think about—sleepin' an' eatin'. 'Ow many glasses did you bring in 'ere?"

"Six," the footman yawned, going to the other window."

"I only see five. 'Ave a look round an' see if you can see the other one. P'r'aps it's on that there naked image behind that screen."

Jimmy glanced at the missing glass, braced himself together, and listened intently at the approach of footsteps over the heavy carpet. Then there was a gurgle of drink from the direction of the butler.

"'Ere," said the footman, pausing, "wot about one for me?"

"You?" said the butler. "Beer's your drink—in the servants' hall. Don't you let me catch you with your nose in a glass up 'ere."

"If I 'ad a nose like yours," the footman retorted, "I couldn't get it into a glass."

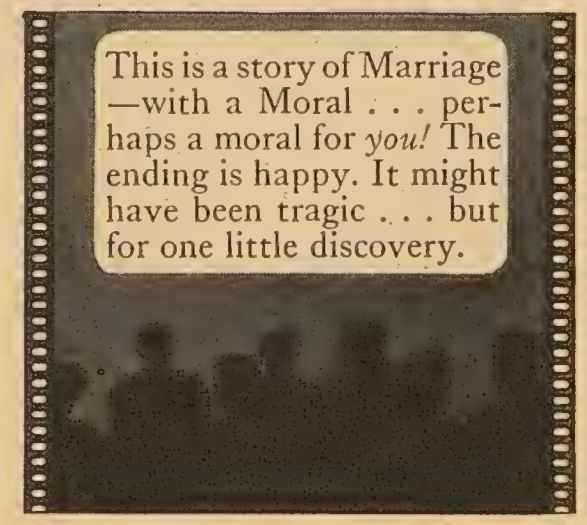
In the terse exchange of remarks which followed this impudent breach of domestic discipline, the search for the glass that stood on the plinth of the statue at Jimmy's elbow was forgotten. And so, in fact, was the customary locking of the inner door.

When the altercation had receded beyond the range of his ears, Jimmy came out from behind the screen, switched on his torch, and softly unfastened one of the French windows again. He waited a minute or two before he opened the door leading on

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

REAL LIFE MOVIES

Helen's New Husband



2. When Helen Carter married Jack Childs—how happy she was—for two whole years. Jack was always so gay—so ready to "go places and do things."

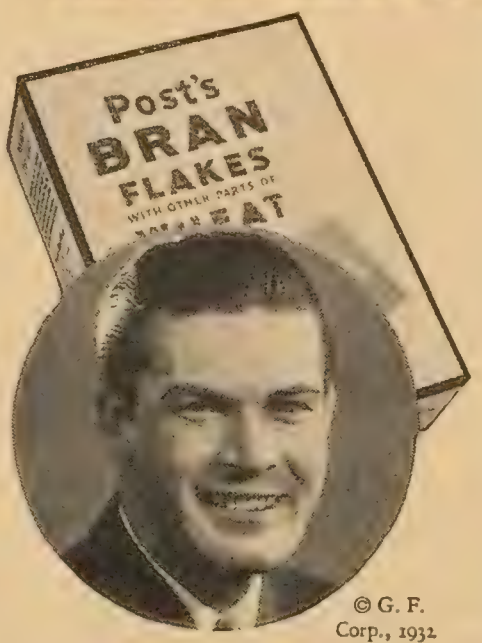
3. Then . . . the third year—and a change came over Jack. He protested at going out. Said he was tired. He grew irritable—even cross at times . . .

4. Finally . . . the morning when Jack, disgruntled at some small thing, rose from the table, grabbed his hat—and, in a rage, left without a word of good-by.

5. Then remorse. Suddenly, Jack realized the change in him. That afternoon he went to his club. "Joe," he asked the trainer, "what's wrong with me?"

6. Joe's suggestion was—constipation. It surprised Jack—but, a few weeks later, look at him! Once more Jack is completely his happy, boy-like self.

HOW HELEN GOT A "NEW" HUSBAND



© G. F. Corp., 1932

If *you* are troubled with headaches, tiredness, lack of energy—do as Jack did! He exercised more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank more water, and EVERY morning, he had a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes, a natural "regulator," speeds up sluggish intestines. And often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to dull complexions.

You'll find, too, that it is a most delicious food. Thousands call it the finest tasting cereal on the market.

So don't let intestinal sluggishness rob you of enjoying the good things of life. Begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly* every morning. A product of General Foods.

[CHERUB GETS OUT OF A JAM
Continued from page seventeen]

to the main hall and listened. Then boldly he walked out, crossed to the big staircase, and went up to the library on the first floor. The door of it was ajar, but there was no light in it. He went inside, closing the door behind him, and used his torch again. MacLevy had made no alterations to that paneled apartment. Built into the inner wall was the safe old Laming had had installed before he had sold the property to MacLevy.

Jimmy locked the door and pulled the curtains well open to admit the light of the moon. The electrics he left alone. Slipping on a pair of white chamois gloves, he produced from his pockets a folded head clip with two round black earpieces attached, opened it up, and fixed it on his head. From this ran two thin black cords, one of which was connected to a battery in his hip pocket and the other to a dialed diaphragm in his hand. It was a device very similar to various well known and expensive electrical aids for the deaf. But there was a difference in it which would have interested the Scotland Yard man in the card room below very much more than poker. Jimmy went to the safe, placed the diaphragm flat against the combination lock, and flicked up the current button. With his other hand he worked the dial adjustments.

In something under five minutes he had found the key word and flung open the safe door. Replacing his apparatus in his pockets, he focused his torchlight on the interior of the safe. In it were many documents of a kind which MacLevy was probably not at all inclined to keep anywhere but under his own eye. There was also a neat wad of bank notes, and in a drawer another untidy-looking bundle of bank notes in an elastic band.

Jimmy recalled MacLevy's boast that he always paid cash for his amusements. The bundle of miscellaneous notes Jimmy roughly estimated to contain a thousand pounds. Pursuing the search, he found in a drawer two unset square emeralds of an unusual size and quality that would tempt most men or women to any indiscretion.

But of Anley's I O U there was no sign whatever.

The safe MacLevy had referred to must be the one in his office in London. Jimmy's frown changed to a smile and he took the whole of the bank notes from the safe and stowed them neatly and unhurriedly about his person. The emeralds he considered, but left them where they were. Then deliberately he took from his waistcoat pocket a small square of red-white-and-blue ribbon, the ribbon of the 1914-15 Star, and carefully placed it on the front of the shelf from which he had taken the notes. Closing the safe, he reset the combination.

HE had just turned the key in the room door when that heavy mahogany fitment was jerked open, and a tall, broad figure stepped into the room, feeling for the electric switches by Jimmy's shoulder. Jimmy did not wait to see who it was. He seized the outstretched wrist, stuck out a leg, and with a jujutsu twist jerked the intruder forward, and at the same time caught him a clean uppercut that sent him neatly and definitely to the carpet. "What's that?" he heard a voice exclaim in the corridor outside. And there was the rush of two or three pairs of feet. Jimmy closed the door and softly locked it, just in time.

Ignoring the man on the floor, he went to the window, opened it, and stepped out on to the balcony he knew was there. A swift glance down to a flower bed beneath, and he lowered himself till he was hanging by his fingers, and then let go. Coolly defacing the imprints of his feet with two or three kicks at the moonlit soil, he moved swiftly but unhurriedly along the corner of the mansion and down the grass slope at the corner. The wireless was still relaying its jazz as he opened the throttle of the car in the road outside.

Forty minutes later he was exchanging a few blasé yawns with various social luminaries in the dance room at Londonderry House.

Saturday being a regimental holiday for all but "duty" men, guards, piquet officer, and orderly room, Jimmy had no military duties to take him to Wellington Barracks. Instead, he proceeded to the premises of Montmorency & Company, jewelers, pawnbrokers, and dealers in foreign exchange. There was no mistaking the cordiality with which the head of that discreetly prosperous firm greeted him.

"Well, Ikey-Mo," smiled Jimmy, "how is the leg this morning?"

Mr. Montmorency Stuart grinned all over his shrewd Semitic countenance.

"It is a funny thing, major," he replied, "but whenever I see you I always get a pain in that leg, though it is the best that money can buy. But, as Rebecca always says, if Mr. Lace hadn't carried me out of that shell hole when he did I might be wearing a wooden head instead of a wooden leg!"

"And if you had not had the darned impudence to pretend to be a Scotsman to a Guards recruiting sergeant you'd probably not have been in that shell hole," said Jimmy. "Now, what about business? Can you fix that matter I telephoned you about?"

"Certainly I can, sir." And he took a neat flat package from a drawer at his right hand. "You have the notes?" he added, racially cautious.

JIMMY took from the inner pockets of his gray lounge suit the two wads of currency he had abstracted from MacLevy's safe.

"There you are—four thousand eight hundred is the exact total."

"I shall have to charge you twelve per cent, major—there will be certain expenses in putting them into circulation on the Continent—but it will be done well."

"That's all right, Ikey-Mo," Jimmy agreed equably. "Business is business. I'll take a check for the balance." And it was this private check that Jimmy deposited at his bank in Pall Mall on his way to MacLevy's office.

"Which account is this to go to, sir?" inquired the paying-in clerk. "Your personal account or your war-debt account?"

The official smiled as he put the question. The whimsical title Lace had given to this second account was a current source of intrigued interest in the bank, particularly as its owner never drew any checks on it excepting in favor of needy-looking ex-officers, widows with strained and eager-looking faces, and a certain agency that specialized in such small businesses that women and ex-soldiers might find a source of support and self-respect.

But Jimmy did not smile as he replied: "Ten per cent of it is to go to my personal account and the remainder to my war-debt account."

There was, however, something of a smile on his face, and a seraphic one at that, when he walked in on MacLevy at a quarter to twelve. MacLevy was not sitting at his desk.

He was standing near the window, examining a strip of sticking plaster above his left eye and alternately considering a puce-colored abrasion at the corner of his able-looking jaw.

"Hallo, MacLevy," said Jimmy. "What's the matter with you? Been fighting?"

MacLevy swung round. "What the hell's that to do with you?" he demanded.

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning

BEYOND CONTROL

by

Rex Beach

A novel of one thousand thrills

Also stories and articles by Mrs. Granville Fortescue—Frank Knox Hockman—Alma and Paul Ellerbe—Mabel McElliott Clarke—Bert Green —and others

"Nothing," said Jimmy placidly. "Nothing whatever. Only your appearance invites the polite inquiry. You look as though you'd hit something."

"If you want to know," said MacLevy, returning to his desk, "I was knocked out by a burglar in my library last night. What are you after this time?"

"A burglar!" said Jimmy. "Well, I'm dashed! That is interesting. What did you do to him?"

"Do to him!" MacLevy growled viciously. "I had no chance of doing anything to him. He cleared off and took five thousand pounds with him at the same time."

"Dear me," said Jimmy. "That must have hurt you quite a lot. No value for money about that transaction. Why, that's three thousand more than you did Anley in for."

"What do you want?" asked MacLevy again.

"That I O U of Lord Anley's," said Jimmy pleasantly. "I've got to redeem it."

"What?" said MacLevy.

"You heard," said Jimmy. "Have you got it handy?"

MacLevy stared and his expression was not pleasant. And then he smiled grimly. "I'm taking no checks," he announced.

"No," said Jimmy. "I did not suppose you were, being what you are." And from his pocket he drew the thin package of bank notes and laid them on the desk in front of him. MacLevy stretched out a hand mechanically; but Jimmy kept his own on them.

"I O U first," he murmured.

MacLevy stared at him again, then slowly opened a small steel-faced cabinet at his back, produced Anley's I O U, and banged it on the table.

"Take the damned thing," he said.

Jimmy examined it, tore it up in small pieces, and slid the notes across to MacLevy.

MacLevy counted the notes, while Jimmy polished his eyeglass and helped himself to a cube of chewing gum from a little oblong gold case.

"What mutton-headed philanthropist have you induced to part with this?" asked MacLevy.

Jimmy refastened the middle button of his coat and took up his stick before turning a pair of bland blue eyes on MacLevy.

"He wasn't a philanthropist, MacLevy. He was just a plain ordinary rich swine who believes in paying cash for his amusements. And this is one of them. Good morning!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Which President of the United States lived longest?

2—What was the first state admitted to the Union after the original thirteen?

3—Who said "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?

4—What are the five largest cities of the Western Hemisphere?

5—What is a runnel?

6—What is the difference between "gee" and "haw"?

7—Who was Lemuel Gulliver?

8—What is the correct way to half-mast a flag?

9—Who were the Twelve Apostles?

10—What is cochineal?

11—What is the Arch of Titus?

12—What is a "ticket of leave"?

13—What two Presidents died the same day?

14—What are zoöphytes?

15—What is the difference between flotsam and jetsam?

16—What is the origin of the phrase "skin of my teeth"?

17—What is a rigadoon?

18—How did the American aborigines come to be called Indians?

19—What country has neither army or navy?

20—What is called the "Vinegar Bible"?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

What is the main cause of tooth decay?

(*See page 37 for the answer*)

Finished Your Dinner? *Now it's* ACID'S *turn to dine!*

WHEN you've finished eating, small particles of food are left in the crevices between teeth and where teeth meet gums. These particles decompose and bacteria multiply. Some create acid, which may begin at once to destroy your teeth.

Before germ-acids can cause decay, protect your teeth with SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM.

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PUBLIC MEN,

Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

NOWADAYS a senatorial feudist takes it out politically. It has been some time since Ben Tillman threw an inkwell at McLaurin on the Senate floor.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHEN two women spat over who is to sit where at an official dinner party in Washington, that's news. It may become even a diplomatic incident.

Let two public men carry on for years an extremely bitter personal feud over the appointment of a postmaster and that is a state secret.

It is not broad political differences which cause the major troubles among men in Washington. Usually they are in the open. Publicity robs them of considerable importance.

Personal quarrels grow in vindictiveness in proportion to the repression of them for the sake of senatorial dignity or political expediency.

Washington has at the moment, among public men, feuds of such violence the world's greatest mediators would be foolhardy to attempt to resolve them. They have gone on for years. They appear likely to endure indefinitely.

The worst are among men who sometimes pass a kiss of Judas in public while indulging in the most acrimonious private exchanges. The very deadliest are among men of the same political party, often from the same state.

It is true there is no more dueling out at Bladensburg, Maryland, in suburban Washington. It has been some time since "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman of South Carolina threw an inkwell at his colleague, William L. McLaurin, on the Senate floor. Nowadays a Congressional hater directs his efforts to the retirement of a despised colleague when next he appears in a party primary.

Federal patronage is at bottom of most of the deep personal feuds among Senators or Representatives of the same political faith from the same state. Often the job is of no greater importance than that of a United States marshal.

Let a Senator have log-rolling talent sufficient to gain a place which his colleague desires on the Finance Committee or the Committee on Foreign Relations, and then watch the fur fly! The Senate lobbies are blasted by profanity.

Rivalries among Senators and Representatives for the post of party floor leader have led to personal differences which have persisted over a stretch of years. Contests for personal advancement in the politics of a state frequently engender chronic hatreds.

Where there is a Cabinet member of the same faith and from the same state, bickerings over patronage are almost inevitable and often acute. Of late we have been witnessing an outstanding instance in an acrimonious conflict between Attorney-General William D. Mitchell and Senator Thomas D. Schall, both of whom are Republicans and both from Minnesota. The row was over a federal judgeship for the Gopher commonwealth.

Presidents have refused to invite Senators to White House dinners because of personal differences. There have been and are Senators who would not accept an invitation to the White House, flouting the tradition that such a bid is equivalent to a command.

Private Enemies

A Startling Disclosure of the Number and Rancor of Personal Hatreds Among National Figures in Washington

By ROBERT BARRY

Mrs. Martha Gold, the thoroughly competent secretary to Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire, could shock this country if she would consent to reveal her experiences with United States Senators in the relatively trivial matter of assignment of rooms in the Senate Office Building. As chairman of the Committee on Rules, it falls to Senator Moses to allocate office space. He passes the job along to Mrs. Gold.

No " all-star " cast of actors ever indulged in any such rivalry for the Number One dressing room of a theater as do Senators for choice offices. A year ago last winter, announcement of the death of Senator Lee Slater Overman of North Carolina had scarcely been conveyed to the Senate when there was a scramble among Senators for his suite in the Office Building. In fact, one Senator all but missed the Overman funeral train through the expostulatory extent of his claims.

Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California has been a central figure in at least three outstanding personal disagreements. The feud between him and President Hoover traces to the scramble for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1920. There was an adjournment of this feud for the period of the 1928 campaign. But soon after Mr. Hoover entered the White House there was discussion among some of his more ardent California followers of instituting a recall referendum against Senator Johnson because he was opposing the President's policies. Finding the state law was not applicable to federal officers, they dropped the proposal, but not until Johnson had learned of it. Soon thereafter Johnson's name was missing from a list of Foreign Relations Committee members invited to a dinner at the White House. President Hoover wrote a personal note of apology the next day. He said the Senator's name had been omitted through an inadvertence.

ALTHOUGH Senator William E. Borah of Idaho was Johnson's most outstanding supporter in the fight for the 1920 nomination, the Harding administration was not very old before the two men had a sharp personal disagreement. It was all due to a remark attributed to Borah by Clinton W. Gilbert in his anonymously published Mirrors of Washington. Borah was quoted as having said:

" The difference between Johnson and myself is that I fight for principles while Johnson fights personalities."

Borah denied he had authorized any such statement. Johnson never was placated. The two men are studiously courteous in debate on the Senate floor and in the sessions of the Committee on Foreign Relations. But never has the wound quite healed.

The third of Johnson's widely discussed feuds has nothing to do with the public business. It results from a dispute over Calvert Manor, a roomy, historic house out in Riverdale, a Maryland suburb of the capital. Johnson continued to occupy this residence under a lease after Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway of Arkansas had purchased it.

Although Senator James Couzens of Michigan has denied repeatedly that there ever was anything personal in his frequent assaults on Andrew W. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury, Washington has remained unconvinced. Mr. Mellon has denied emphatically that the suit against the Ford stockholders for additional income taxes was inspired by any vindictiveness against Couzens, who had millions of dollars at stake in that suit. The capital goes on cherishing its own version.

A MORE recent display of bitterness has been between Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire and Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota. Both are Republicans, but alumni of different schools. Nye, as head of the Campaign Funds Inquiry Committee, threatened to Senate reporters to call Moses, as chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, on an alleged excessive expenditure in the Montana senatorial election.

Moses countered by obtaining and spreading over a dozen pages of the Congressional Record the expense accounts of the Nye committee. The Senator from North Dakota protested vigorously. He assailed Moses personally and politically for what he termed an unethical and discourteous deed. Nye had previously been catalogued with the " sons of the wild jackass " by the sharp-tongued New Hampshireite.

Senator James E. Watson and Harry S. New, who was Postmaster-General in the Cabinets of Presidents Harding and Coolidge, were rivals for a Republican senatorial nomination in Indiana in 1916. New won. The death of Senator Benjamin F. Shively, a few weeks later, enabled both Watson and New to run at the November election. Both won. Personal differences originating in the primary campaign continued for many years. Watson always has contended he obtained a raw deal from the Marion County organization.

Watson and New never were explosive in their personal animosities, but there was a steady undercurrent of resentment between them during New's term in the Senate. Later, while New was Postmaster-General, their differences were known so generally and acknowledged so freely as to become the butt of stinging satire at dinners of the Gridiron Club.

As in the case of the Borah-Johnson feud, it happens every now and then that the most serious personal differences develop among men who have long been intimate friends and political associates.

We had such a case in the parting of the ways between the late Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House, and the man who had so skillfully conducted the campaign to elevate " Nick " to the speakership—former Representative James T. Begg of Cleveland. In 1928 Begg aspired to be Governor of Ohio. His opponent for the Republican

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

gubernatorial nomination was Myers Y. Cooper of Cincinnati, Longworth's home. With the backing of the Hamilton County organization, Begg was confident of victory. He expected Longworth to obtain it for him. The Speaker was in a difficult position. The chief financial supporters of the Cincinnati organization favored Cooper. Longworth came to feel that he had to go along with them, and in the end he did so.

After Cooper defeated Begg for the nomination and went on to the governor's chair at Columbus, Begg had to return to Washington to serve out the remainder of his term as Congressman. He and Longworth never spoke.

Occasionally, even nowadays, a personal feud is aired on the Senate floor. This happened more than once with J. Thomas Heflin, the fiery Alabaman. He had personal feuds in the Senate. A man of considerable charm in his personal contacts, he would permit his tongue to run wild in debate, often apologizing later for things he said. From the early days of the Wilson administration he had an admiration for the scrappy little Virginian, Carter Glass. During their subsequent association in the Senate a lasting enmity developed between the two Senators.

Heflin and Senator Moses have had a lively feud for some years. Heflin's tirades in the Senate bored Moses to exasperation. Moses generally heeded the injunction of his Republican colleagues to walk from the chamber, but there were times when he could not restrain the impulse to heckle Heflin on the floor. Soon an intense personal hatred developed between the two Senators. Moses felt so deeply about the elaborately arrayed Alabaman that he declined to serve as a member of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections to pass on the Heflin-Bankhead contest.

A RECENT approach to physical violence was an encounter between Senator Glass and Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. Both are Democrats. They had some sharp passages at arms in a debate. Near the cloakroom door, so the story goes, the rangy, red-topped Wheeler jostled the diminutive, grayed Virginian. There was a great to-do about that for a time. It blew over with mutual explanations. Glass and Wheeler seldom exchange greetings in the Senate chamber.

Conventional denials would be the inevitable outcome of any recital here of current personal or political feuds among Senators from a dozen states, feuds between men who bear the same political label. No section of the country is immune. New England and the South are fertile ground. They keep their Senators here for longer terms. It is only when years have passed and historians have freedom of speech that we obtain a true picture of these feuds which public men deny while the women of Washington know them to be true.

They endure in silence the pettifoggeries and petulances of their exalted husbands at the moment the "statesmen" are represented as being distressed greatly by the petty quarrels of wives, daughters, or "official hostesses."

The moment you delve into the jealousies of senatorial colleagues of the same political faith you discover why certain states contrive somehow or other to maintain a Republican and a Democrat on the Senate floor. The Mormon Church accounts for it in Utah. George Wingfield does it in Nevada. Other states have tried it. Many have gone along for years with a Senator from each party. Thus, no matter which brand of President there happened to be, the state had a friend. Conflicts over patronage were reduced to the lowest common denominator.

A Republican anticipated no favors from a Democratic President. A Republican never took the trouble to ask a job for a constituent from a Democratic executive. But, whatever the politics of a President, the state had a Senator to bear down on him.

William H. King was reëlected as a Democratic Senator in Utah by over 20,000 on the same day Herbert Hoover was carrying the state by close to 14,000 votes. In a total poll in Nevada in 1928 of about 33,000, Mr. Hoover carried the state by 3,200 while Key Pittman was being returned as a Democratic Senator by slightly over 6,000.

THERE have been many public demonstrations of personal feuds. The two Senators from Iowa staged a show of that sort a few years ago. Daniel F. Steck, a Democrat, was seated after a bitter contest with Smith W. Brookhart. Brookhart ran against the veteran Albert B. Cummins for a Republican nomination a couple of years later. Brookhart won. He was elected to the Senate. When he appeared to take the oath, he walked down the center aisle on the arm of Senator Hubert D. Stephens, a Mississippi Democrat, who had been his most alert defender and active advocate on the Senate Committee of Privileges and Elections which had heard the earlier Brookhart-Steck contest. Brookhart and Steck never spoke to each other during the four years they were senatorial colleagues from Iowa.

Here is a specimen of the trivialities over which Senators have misunderstandings which may lead to feuds when not adjusted promptly by mutual friends.

Before the installation of the dial system of telephones, about which Senator Glass raised such a hullabaloo, the method of obtaining a number not on the switchboard of the Capitol was to say to the Capitol operator: "Outside, please."

Then you gave your call to the operator at the central exchange.

Senator Tom Watson of Georgia, who was a firebrand to the day of his death, was mad about something. He wanted very much to talk with Senator Keyes.

He rushed into the Keyes office just as the Senator from New Hampshire was having trouble trying to get a downtown number on the telephone and was exclaiming:

"Outside! Outside! I said outside!"

Senator Watson turned on his heel. He went "outside" the Keyes office and shook the marble corridors with his imprecations against "Damned Yankees." Senator Keyes, who is a mild-mannered man, if there ever was one, had no end of difficulty in explaining the coincidence for the pacification of the fiery Georgian.

It is of such trifles that serious feuds frequently are incubated in Washington unless someone has the good sense to turn off the heat.

THE END

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This Wonderful World

A Short Short Story

By SIDNEY B. WHIPPLE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 26 seconds.)

OLD Martin Parrish fondled his new Dandy Salesman's Ready-Selling kit lovingly, rehearsing his speech the while, his faded blue eyes fixed somewhere between the bun of hair surmounting Ma Parrish's head and an ancient crack in the ceiling.

"This here book," he said, "pro-fusely il-lustrated with seven hun-dred fifty-two pitchers of the wonders of the world, is the joy of a life-time, useful and educative for every member of the family."

He stopped and thumbed its pages.

"Darned if I wouldn't like to keep it myself, it's so pretty," he said. "But 'f course I gotta get back the twenny-seven dollars I paid fer the Dandy Salesman's kit. So I might's well get goin'." He sighed deeply.

"If you ast me," said Ma Parrish with some spirit, "I never heard of suchy thing as goin' out, 't *your* age, to sell things. And at suchy time, too! If you needed the money bad, 'twould be different. But we got our pension and our house, and I guess we can get along 'thout you traipsin' all over town tryin' to make folks buy what they don't want and can't pay for."

"Ain't goin' over this town," Martin said. "Goin' to take the trolley over to Millville and bring happiness into a few lives over there." He swung the Dandy Salesman's kit over his sagging shoulders, slipped the big red book into the black canvas bag, and bent, somewhat creakily, to kiss the top of Ma's head.

When he reached Millville he struck manfully out to the lower end of the town, down by the sawmills.

The sun was getting high, and he decided to remove the felt hat and stuff it into the bag, alongside the book.

Martin's thick gray locks gave him a benign, or at least clerical appearance, which is why Mrs. O'Hara opened her door wider than the usual narrow crack with which most callers were greeted. A glimpse of the Dandy Salesman's Ready-Selling kit disabused her mind.

"I don't want no books," she said firmly, trying to close the door. "Don't need nothin' today, thank you."

The face in front of her appeared greatly surprised.

"But, ma'am, when you see what I've got—why, if you'll only look. I ain't askin' you should buy anything. I just want you should set down 'ith me and see these pitchers."

Irresolutely Mrs. O'Hara wavered and was lost. Martin unlimbered the kit and passed her the sample. He tried to think of the start of his Dandy Salesman's sales talk, but the thought wouldn't come. Instead he composed one of his own.

"We folks that stays in one spot all our lives, like you'n' me," he said, "deserves t' see somethin' of the world. Now we can't travel much. 'T least, I can't. Most I was ever away was in the war, 'n' then I only git as fur as the camp, 'n' then come home again. You just look at them pitchers, ma'am, an' tell me what you think of 'em for beauties."

Mrs. O'Hara gingerly took up the big red book and plumped into a rocking-chair.

"Oh!" she cried ecstatically at the first colored plate. "Now *ain't* that grand—just *grand?* Just what—what place is this, mister? I never learned to read none too good."

"That?" he answered, looking over her broad shoulder. "That, ma'am, is the Ee-fil Tower, in Paris, France." He cleared his throat. "Now, ma'am, how much do you spend on the movin' pitchers? Don't answer me yet, please. But leave us suppose it's thutty cents per week. For that sum you kin have this bee-ootiful book, with its pro-fuse illustrations, but better'n pitchers you can't take home with you, you kin treasure this 's a family keepsake, and lookit it all you want to, whenever you want to." He was triumphant in his argument.

"Well," she sighed, pushing the book reluctantly toward him, "that's all very well fer some folks. I'd like right well to hev the book, but Jim hasn't worked but two days a week at the mill these past six months, and we never go to the pitchers even, times are so hard. They's five of us to keep in victuals and clo's, and it's jest a case of struggle, struggle, struggle."

Concern showed in Martin Parrish's mild face. She went on: All about the sister that died, God-rest-her-soul, last year. And they had to pay the undertaker for her. And the doctor's bills, what with both Janey and Anna being ailing most of the time. And all the time her reddened eyes were fastened on the gold letters of the big red book—"This Wonderful World."

Martin Parrish wiped his eyes.

"Ma'am," he said, "I'm gonna tell you what I'm gonna do." He thrust the red book and the sample and the black bag into her lap. "You take this, 'n' keep it. An' there's all the litrachoor that goes with it."

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. O'Hara, as he gently took the black felt hat from the bag and, bowing gravely, left.

WHEN he reached home there was a note on the kitchen table. Ma Parrish had gone over to a neighbor's, to help with a very sick woman. There were beans in the ice box to be warmed up, and . . .

Martin Parrish sat on the front porch rocking contentedly. He must have slept a little, too. At any rate, it was growing dusk when there was a step on the gravel walk and he awoke.

A boy of eighteen, with a Dandy Salesman's Ready-Selling kit over his shoulder, was standing on the porch steps.

With a simulated interest he did not quite feel, Martin looked through the book.

"How much'd you say 'twas?" he asked finally. "And what might your name be?"

"Name's O'Hara," said the youth. "I come from Millville. Cost's only thirty cents a week after you make the first payment of a dollar and a half. That goes to the salesman, and that's me."

Slowly the old man went into the house, easing his stiffened muscles. From a worn purse he took a dollar and a half and brought it to the young man. Then he reached for the pencil and signed the slip the boy extended to him.

Ma Parrish came home a little after. The book was open in his lap, but he was asleep.

"Pa Parrish, you come right into the house," she said. "You're all tuckered out. I told you you hadn't any business tryin' to get folks to buy things in these times."

"Well," he said a little guiltily, "I didn't try s' very hard. 'N fact, I sort of cottoned to this book myself, and decided to keep it."

THE END

Jean Harlow and Chester Morris in a tight squeeze in Red-Headed Woman.

Frank Buck and a jungle Jumbo in Bring 'Em Back Alive.

The Platin

Jean Harlow a Hit in Her Lates and a Tropical Triangle Among

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

MOST movie stars arrive at the top abruptly. There is no preliminary preparation, no building process. Presto! and you have a Greta Garbo or a Marlene Dietrich. Sometimes—but very rarely—stars slip into fame slowly. Constance Bennett came to the top that way, and now Jean Harlow is arriving. She stepped from a few minor appearances in comedies to the leading rôle of Hell's Angels in 1930.

This film was in the making when the talkies turned Hollywood upside down. Greta Nissen had been playing the part, but her English was difficult and tricky. So the love scenes—pretty fervid ones, if you remember—were remade with Miss Harlow.

She was a hit, but no one seemed to see star material in her. She was just an arresting figure among thousands of arresting figures. It was not until 1931 that her ability to act began to show.

Now, after viewing her in Red-Headed Woman, I am confident in naming her the best bet of 1932.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ RED-HEADED WOMAN

CAST

Lil Andrews	Jean Harlow
Bill Legendre, Jr.	Chester Morris
William Legendre, Sr.	Lewis Stone
Irene	Leila Hyams
Sally	Una Merkel
Gaerste	Henry Stephenson
Aunt Jane	May Robson
Albert	Charles Boyer
Uncle Fred	Harvey Clark

Directed by Jack Conway.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Jean Harlow—erstwhile platinum blonde, temporarily a redhead—gives a performance you will not soon forget in this filming of Katharine Brush's novel of a stenographer who "brings 'em back alive" more effectively than explorer Frank Buck himself.

Lil Andrews puts a price upon her affections. She picks her male victims and goes after them with amorous astuteness. The films have stepped far from Pollyanna in unfolding the progress of this hard-boiled little adventuress. There is more than a cynical hint on the screen these days that the wages of sin get few depression cuts.

The redhead breaks up the home of the wealthy young Bill Legendre, brings about a divorce, and even marries her victim. An ambitious unfaithfulness leads her on to new amatory goals. In the end you see her at a French race track, the toast of the day, surrounded by square-cut whiskers and *"Voilàs!"*

Miss Harlow makes Lil a very real and earthy figure. There is no softening of the character; for Lil remains always a cheap, flamboyant little cheater. You know the type. She is the sort of girl who, when she goes down the street, can empty a pool parlor quicker than a four-alarm fire.

★ ★ ★ BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

Produced by RKO-Van Beuren.
Released by RKO-Radio.

There is little unnecessary killing of animals in this picturization of an expedition led by Frank Buck into the jungles of the Malayan Strait and of Sumatra in quest of animals and reptiles for an American zoo. This, indeed, is the record of the adventures behind the gentle pastime of bringing tigers, panthers, pythons, elephants, and monkeys back whole and more or less hearty, for the consideration of yourself, Aunt Emily, and little Willie any pleasant Sunday afternoon.

Maybe I am unduly suspicious of

Jack Oakie goes over the top in Million-Dollar Legs.

Paul Lukas, Tallulah Bankhead, and Charles Bickford in Thunder Below, a triangle in the tropics.

...um Star

...icture; a Jungle Battle, a Comedy, ...e Screen's New Offerings

...AMES SMITH

the way a careless tiger walks plump into a giant python, resulting in a terrific draw battle. (At least, it is a draw on the screen.) I suspect the coincidence of a tiger, a snake, a camera, and a sound-recording apparatus being at the right spot at the right moment. Maybe I am just an old skeptic. Anyway, the battle is breath-taking and you will experience the right amount of relief when the two stop in collapse and stare at each other in admiration.

This film packs a lot of real excitement.

★ MILLION-DOLLAR LEGS

CAST

Migg Tweeny	Jack Oakie
The President	W. C. Fields
The Major-domo	Andy Clyde
The Mystery Man	Ben Turpin
Mata Machree	Lyda Roberti
Customs Inspector	Hank Mann
Mr. Baldwin	George Barbier

Directed by Edward Cline.
Produced by Paramount.

The legs, alas! are those of Andy Clyde, a mustached eccentric familiar in Mack Sennett comedies. The comedy yarn relates how the penniless President of a bankrupt Balkan state enters robust members of his populace in the California Olympics. Every man is a goat-milk-fed athlete, and the President hopes to win enough prizes to attract the benevolent interest of American millionaires. The hilarious ideas never seem to hilar, and most of the events record as just plain silly, despite all that W. C. Fields can do as the President and Jack Oakie as an aggressive Yankee brush salesman.

★ THUNDER BELOW

CAST

Susan	Tallulah Bankhead
Walt	Charles Bickford
Ken	Paul Lukas
Horner	Eugene Pallette
Davis	Ralph Forbes
Webb	Leslie Fenton

Directed by Richard Wallace.
Produced by Paramount.

The brittle, cold personality of the star, the unsavory and familiar story of decadence under the heat of the tropics, and the unhappy suicide ending make this one of those talkies to be taken or left alone.

The triangle of the wife, the husband, and the other man is complicated by the discovery that the husband is going blind. Faced with a decision between love and duty, the wife runs away with still another man—and then kills herself.

Miss Bankhead is the only woman in a colony of Nordic exiles close to the equator. As the husband, Charles Bickford once again plays a rugged gent in the wilds. Paul Lukas is the matrimonial menace.

Not to be recommended as compelling or real.

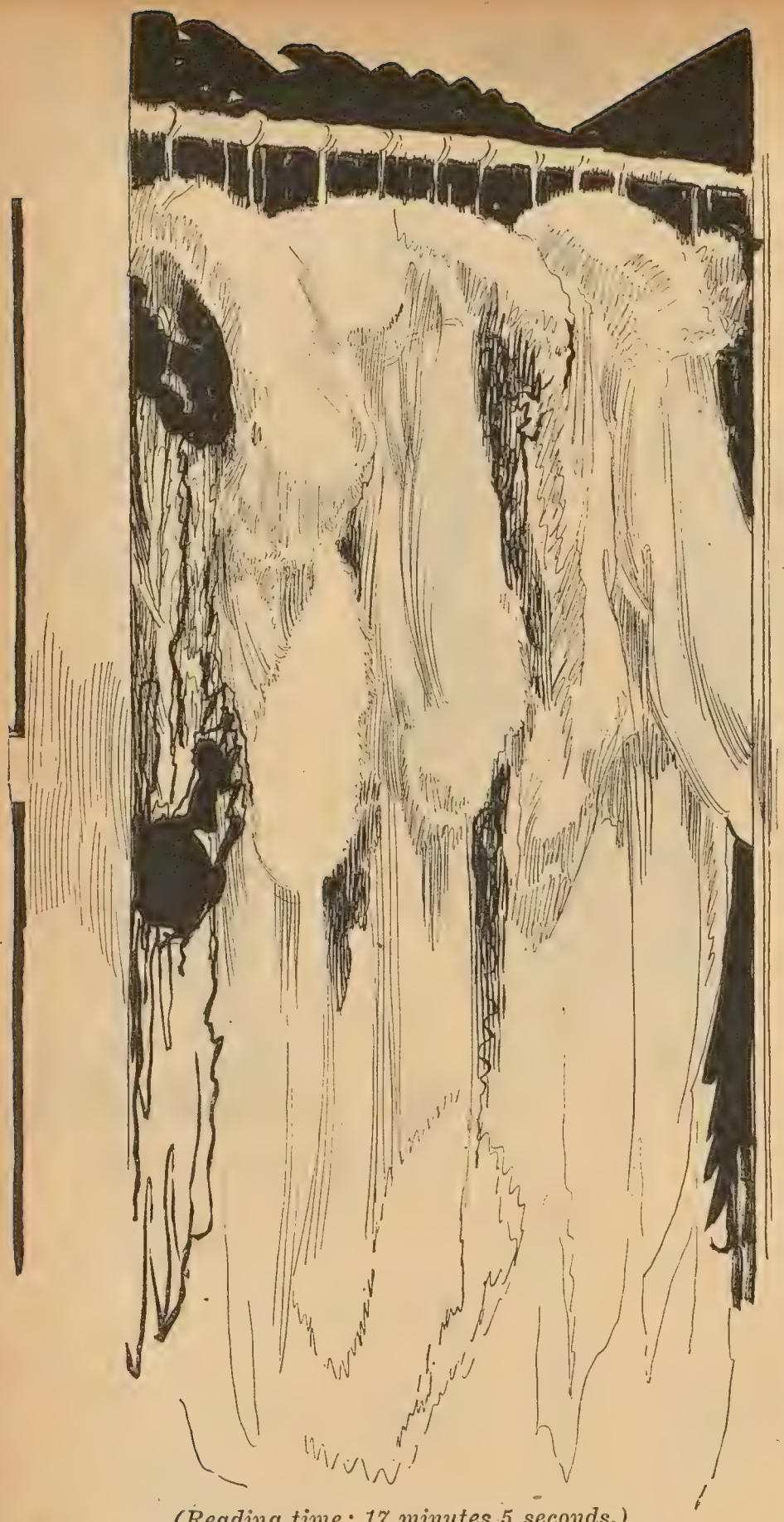
Do you know that—

Lew Ayres is to play Richthofen in Universal's filming of Floyd Gibbons' The Red Knight of Germany?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers.



No Place in H

The Story of

By JEA

Pictures

(Reading time: 17 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE perfume, the lipstick, the faintest touch of rouge to cheek, all were done with at last. Her hands, that had trembled an hour earlier, were calm now, as though this were a moment out of any day of her life when she would reach up for the assured, the approving and final pat at her hair. Now to place the three perfect gardenias on her left shoulder. Their immaculate whiteness and velvety perfection against the stern black velvet of her gown was no more than she had planned.

It was wonderful, really, to be so damned smart. What most women took half a lifetime to acquire came to her with her first wail in the cradle when, with her mouth wide open, it had occurred to her that perhaps she was not the most entrancing of sights, whereupon she closed it and became a star among babies. At the age of five she had refused to wear a certain pink linen dress because it didn't look well with the pink beads that her father's Aunt Susie had given her for a birthday present.

Today she who had been the young and fractious belle was about to walk down marble stairs to her Great Moment—not the first in her life, of course, but the most thrilling.

She sneezed. It was an inconsequential sound, but panic struck at her. For the first time in twenty-four hours she realized how terribly tired she was, how she had rushed eve thing. Sleeping overnight in that upper berth had sprink her body with soot and her bones with threatened grippe, all a strong-minded woman needed to do was to take a grains of aspirin, turn her mind nobly to life and love, dinner that was a dinner, and all the nasty little germs up their nasty little ghosts.

For no reason at all she began to wonder what Pete the kids were doing. Pete was probably eating dinner with the kids screaming questions at him. At other ti when he couldn't find matching socks and ties, Pete did a of screaming himself, but when his children carried o that guests wondered how long they could bear it, he sat Jove, cutting steak and serving it, answering his fam curious insanities like a gentleman and a scholar.

Young Pete probably had gravy on his chin by this time. was amazing how often you could tell a boy of ten that gr wasn't being carried in that fashion by well mannered peo neither this year nor any other. Young Helen was boun make some poisonous commentary; he would roar at her the gravy would spill again.

Of the two, young Helen was more hopeless. She was ei There was a space between her large front teeth. Her looked well enough when it was brushed off her forehead, when it fell down over her eyes—in strings most of the tim her narrow green eyes peering through the mess, and when s chose to howl at something that amused her, then she loo astonishingly like a witless young Cheshire. Characteristica she harbored the notion that she was the image of her mot

Young Pete might be saying, "Where's Denny?" An father, "In New York by this time."

"What for?" Helen would want to know in her cra bass voice and her mouth full of mashed potatoes.

What in the world would Pete say? That she was o pleasure trip? Buying clothes? Seeing shows? Visiting of her sick friends at once? Or would he look at his child with that sardonic green gaze and say, "Your mother n never be back. Eat your soup before vitamines A and freeze up"? Or would he state quietly, "She's gone to m the man she loves. She's going to leave all of us for him. S going to marry him. And she's going to be sorry as hell, too At other times, harassed by them, he had said, "Now, darlin be quiet for twenty minutes, and I'll cover you with diamo and bicycles when you grow up."

Not many women in these United States were married eleven years to one man and were still unsure as to wha would say or do next. Just to look at most husbands was sure that if their wives left them forever, it was because th couldn't bear to hear Henry or Joe or Bill say the same thi just once more in life. Of course, with herself it was differen It was love, so radiant and so tremendous that for it she w giving up her home, her husband, her children.

for Goats den

ife's Wild Oat

STARK

RT MATHIEU

Pete had promised her a divorce at last, so that she ld marry José—José who was waiting for her tonight he end of marble stairs; José who would never throw arms around her like Pete, when it was too late, say- against her hair, "Denny, you're stark, staring . You can't mean to go through with this. You're . All of us have driven you to death this last year use you stand so much. You work for us till you p. All you need is a vacation." A vacation! No, é would never be so blind.

he telephone rang. She took it with a sense of mount- excitement.

Vas she ever coming? The deep voice was rich, just ender as she remembered it. Wonderful José!

Vas she as eager to see him?

Of course she was!

"Then hurry!"

) she hurried, but, womanlike and conscious of her charm, she chose to walk down the staircase. Men looked at her. ey weren't always good-looking men. Their looks weren't ays disinterested admiration, but their heads turned and own tilted higher.

doration rose to meet her. It was José.

e was tall. He was dark. (Who ever heard of a blond ztec-Indian-American? Or who wanted one?)

"My dearest!" He had kissed her hand. She loved it. eryone in the lobby was watching them. Ladies' hands en't kissed so often in lobbies these days by dark gentlemen of story pages. Maybe people thought that she was the een of the Lithuanians or something. Nope, that wouldn't Lithuania was a republic. She'd seen a picture of the esident in the Times, back home. Just a pale, Slavic outline ith a lot of whiskers. Not the Times but the President of thuania, of course. What was the matter with her? Was getting feverish? Instead of practically swooning into sé's arms after a long separation, here she was confused by urdities. Why hadn't she taken three shots of aspirin while was about it?

"Denise! You are more beautiful than I remembered you!" She approved of that whole-heartedly. Denise. He always lled her that. She had suggested a few times that he call r "Denny," like everyone else, but he said that it would be e stripping the rose. She had murmured that Denise sounded ctly like demise. He had railed gently, "You are a wicked d!"

his disapproval coming from a man two years her junior ad made her laugh again. That night the difference in their ges meant nothing, but through the many months following it ad tortured her, like plucking the lovers' daisy petals: He loves e; he loves me not. I'm too old for him; oh, no, I'm not! All e had to do to be convinced of one's rightness was to look around at one's friends, never of equal ages. Often the women were older by a month, a year, five years. And there were plenty of immigrants from Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to say nothing of the Scandinavian countries, with wives twenty years older, and everybody respecting them like blazes. Nonsense. She would marry José.

"This is yours," he said smilingly, proudly, and the door swung open upon a long pole hung with beautiful robes.

This moment, on his arm, being taken into the dining room of the hotel, she was thrilled. For a few moments before this she had nearly forgotten how desperately she loved him. Across the table from him at last, she wanted so much to reach out, to touch his black hair, the back of his splendid head that was so wide of brow, so sensitive at the nostrils and lips, so very fine. She had read in a book once, written by a lady author, that women were really in love when they felt impelled to poke

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE had kissed her hand. She loved it. Everyone in the lobby was watching them.

[NO PLACE FOR GOATS IN EDEN
Continued from page twenty-seven]

caressing fingers into a male creature's locks. The lady author had put it much more delicately, but it was true. Denny smiled.

"You are always so immaculate," José said. "So perfect. I would not wish you otherwise. I adore you like this."

The dessert was over with—*coupe Jacques*—José had ordered it, and Denny wished hopefully he would permit her to have another portion. It was of coffee ice cream over a deceitful foundation of raspberry ice, filled with chopped nuts and topped with whipped cream. It was grand. But when the man you have traveled overnight to see has other plans and jealously watches every mouthful you take, you behave like a lady and go to do whatever the gentleman wishes.

It was a beautiful apartment to which he drove her, on a nice, quiet street between Park and Madison avenues. It had inlaid floors, magnificent windows, light and sunshine. It had pale blue-green walls, and José had had it completely furnished! He led her around from room to room, and she followed him like a docile cat, failing, however, to purr, to rub against her lord's hand in pleasure or approval.

"WHAT is the matter, Denise, dearest? Shouldn't I have furnished it until you came? I thought I knew what you would like. I wanted to have this ready so that you could live here instead of at the hotel, if you wished it. I thought it would make you free!"

Free. About as free, she thought glumly, as the cat filled up with cream but with its mind on the alley and the unfettered spaces of the free. Aloud she said, "Oh, I do like it. I've never seen a more exquisite place. You must have spent gobs and gobs of money."

"Not so very much," he replied smilingly. "Nothing will ever be too much to spend on you."

This should have touched her heart, the core of all gratitude, but her headache became a demon in her brain, making fog where everything was clear and understandable just a little while ago. In this fog she and José assumed great heights, and were prowling through labyrinths of rooms that were filled with slim and precious rugs, with French Empire furniture all bow-legged or knock-kneed or gilded, and much too precious to sit in with comfort. Pete would hate the things on sight. She would, too, in time. She and Pete lived among sprawly chintzes, fat-bottomed chairs, a welter of old newspapers, children, and dogs, and fleas in summer that nearly broke their spirits but which the dogs took as a matter of course.

In this kind of a house, this castle, you must never let the flowers wilt in their vases. You must never, never let one candle become shorter than another in these fancy girandoles. You must never move these fragile draperies. Castles are not wrecked by communism and revolutions but by daily sins in housekeeping.

You couldn't wear an old bath robe, Denny thought further. Nope. You would have to wear Empire robes that swished around your ankles in Empire femininity. If you didn't learn immediately the best ways in swishing, that was your hard luck, because one false step on these thin rugs and they would slide all the way down the room, taking you in the heap. Just too bad, it would be, if company were present and José were trying to show you off like Ninon de Lenclos, or somebody.

Still in the fog of this great misery, José was leading her into the kitchen. Nothing Empire here, Denny thought gratefully. All solid and satisfying and workable. America, 1932. The one good room in the castle, and she would never see it; only the maid would glory in it.

THERE were embroidered panels on these walls that José had leased for a year. There were lovely old books in the lacquered cases. In her bedroom there were jewels for her to wear already. José placed a chain of pearls on one of her wrists. He kissed the wrist, then led its owner to the closet behind the lacquered door.

"This is yours," he said smilingly, proudly, and the door swung open upon a long pole hung with beautiful robes. Not a dress in the lot, not a hat, nor a pair of comfortable walking shoes. All clinging robes, they were, in soft colors that would always blend with the rich things in these rich and arrogant rooms. "I knew what you would like to wear here," José was saying, "and my doing all this gives us more time to ourselves before we sail for Bolivia."

Bolivia. Of course. The ancestral place. José's Mexican great-grandfather had settled there. There she would meet José's father, who was still making buckets of money in raising coffee. During her honeymoon she would have to ride all day long on Bolivian plantations through miles of coffee beans in the bud, or in flower, depending on how coffee plants behaved at this time of the year, and tell everybody how wonderful it all was. She would get thirsty under that malignant Bolivian sun. There wouldn't be any nice, cold, pasteurized milk, no ginger ale with slivers of ice in it. Nothing but coffee all day and all night, and no matter how little coffee she drank, she wanted to bite people afterward. It would never do to bite people in Bolivia. They might never understand how coffee affected her.

FROM a long distance José's voice came to her chidingly. "Look, Denise. Here are your slippers to match every negligee."

There appeared to be untold dozens of them. Even in her moments of relaxation, the moments that belonged to her alone, she would have to consider if her feet matched the rest of her body. Her rest would always be enslaved by fabric, by light and shade, by beauty in ensemble, by nothing less than perfection, like a walking museum.

The mirror inside the door gave her face back to her in haggard line, shadowed. She would die gladly just to lie down, to go to sleep, to forget this pain in her head, this awful weariness. Perhaps she always would look that much older. For the rest of her life, then, she would never dare to look in mirrors. They would always say, "My! And how old we are looking today! We are older than José, aren't we? No matter *how* the years fly by, we'll always be older, won't we?"

Every day of her life, sick or well, she would wonder if José still adored her. José would love her as long as she looked like a damned gardenia. Pete loved her even when she had a cold in her head like this, when her hair stood on end from cleaning house, when she flew into rages and her nose got red and she looked like a turnip.

"José, I'm terribly sorry. Take me back to the hotel. I'm so tired I could die!"

Safely back in her hotel room, she put in a call for long distance. Pete wouldn't take her back, of course, but she had to tell him she could never be happy with José. Waiting for the operator to call her seemed like days. Tears of pain poured down her face. Her feet ached. It was a long time, really, since she had worn evening slippers so trim of line, so uncomfortable.

Tomorrow would be a more evil day than today. She would have to explain everything to José. It wouldn't be easy, telling him to get himself a radiant young chit of a girl who would love to live on praise and poetry. It would be difficult to make him understand that she herself was meant to be a wife to a man like Pete, who charged around the house like a cen-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[NO PLACE FOR GOATS IN EDEN
Continued from page twenty-nine]

taur before an ill wind most of the time, and that she loved only to be a mother for the centaur's brats, keeping them out of the turmoil of their own particular raising. You couldn't live with a family like that in peace. You had to brawl with them and like it. It was the only way to survive their flaming exuberance.

In this business of holy matrimony, survival was an easy matter if you had a sense of humor and didn't get tired too often. She had humor, but now she knew she had been tired to death for months. And there must necessarily be something inherently mad in any woman to make her leave three green-eyed members of the human race who always had a grand time together and belonged together, just to gallop feverishly into the arms of an Aztec with a lot of fancy kimonos for a lot of moods. In winter she loved bath robes, big woolly things. In summer, thin washable ones. She thought of all those slippers in José's Empire rooms, and the pair of felt ones in Pete's home. The latter pair were dark blue, with a hole in the right-little-toe part of one of them. She loved them. She ought never to have left them behind. She had had them for years.

The phone rang. She lay across her bed, weeping, quite sure that she had a raging fever and that by tomorrow she would be completely dead. In another moment she managed to reach the phone and the connection was made. If she didn't say the right thing to Pete immediately, he would cut her off.

"Hello," she said weakly. "Hello, Pete."

"Speak up. I can't hear you. Who is it?"

"Denny."

"Oh! Oh, hello, Denny." He was perfectly matter-of-fact. Lacking decency to add, "How are you?" Instead he was saying heartily, "Well, now that you've found Eden, how do you like it?"

SHE began to cry weakly. She mumbled a string of sentences and cried some more. He thought he detected hearing her say, "There isn't any place for goats in Eden. I'm just a darned goat." She was saying something about kimonos, a closet full of them. Crying again. Obviously she was having a nervous breakdown. He told her roughly to pull herself together and tell him what was wrong. She managed to frame a polite inquiry about her family's health when, with a sharp ejaculation, he hung up.

She looked at the phone in dumb terror. He hadn't wanted to hear another word from her. Not one. No reason why he should, of course. But it wasn't like Pete.

It was fully an hour later that the phone rang again. José, probably, but she ought to answer it. She dragged herself wearily out of bed.

"Hello, ma!" Her child, Helen, was screaming at her in this fond fashion, at midnight, and her heart leaped.

"Darling, how are you?"

"I'm all right. I fell off the banister!"

"When? Is Pete taking care of you?" She trembled, waiting to hear.

The least the brute could have done was to stay in the house long enough to keep his child from falling off banisters!

"I fell off when Pete was talking to you. I thought it was you and I wanted to talk to you, but I fell off the banister. I was in too much of a hurry, I guess."

"Is that why Pete hung up?"

"Yes. Well, he's gone now. Well, so long, ma. I guess I'd better hang up now. Well, I hope you have a good time in Bermuda!"

"Don't hang up, Helen, for heaven's sake! What do you mean—Bermuda?"

HER daughter screamed again, jovially, "Pete says you're going to Bermuda. He got gramma to stay here with us, and she told Pete to bring you back or break your neck, and he said he'd take you to Bermuda on account of he said anybody could go crazy with us falling up and downstairs all day long." It was the lengthiest and most lucid speech of her life and she knew it. "Well, so long, ma. Pete told me I could call you, but he said not to call you all night."

"Thanks, baby. You've made me terribly happy."

"Take care of yourself and don't take any wooden nickels over in Bermuda!" Helen shrieked, still jovially, and hung up with a clatter of wires and metal.

Her mother walked in a daze to her bed and crept into it, velvet dress, crumpled gardenias, and all. It would be two years before she could afford another dress like this. Maybe three.

But she would wear sackcloth and ashes if Peter couldn't afford anything else.

Tomorrow he would be here. He would buy her a pair of dark felt slippers and with his pocketknife he would cut a hole in the right-little-toe part of one of them, just so that she could pretend she had always owned them. Pete liked to do things like that. He liked old, frowzy, comfortable things.

It was delicious, falling asleep like this, all dressed, soiled with tears, dreaming that she and Pete were careening around in Bermuda, old slippers on their feet, acting like goats on a holiday, a blessed rest. Lots of people wouldn't understand. Lots of people said Bermuda was like Eden. Well, there was, too, a place for goats in Eden!

THE END

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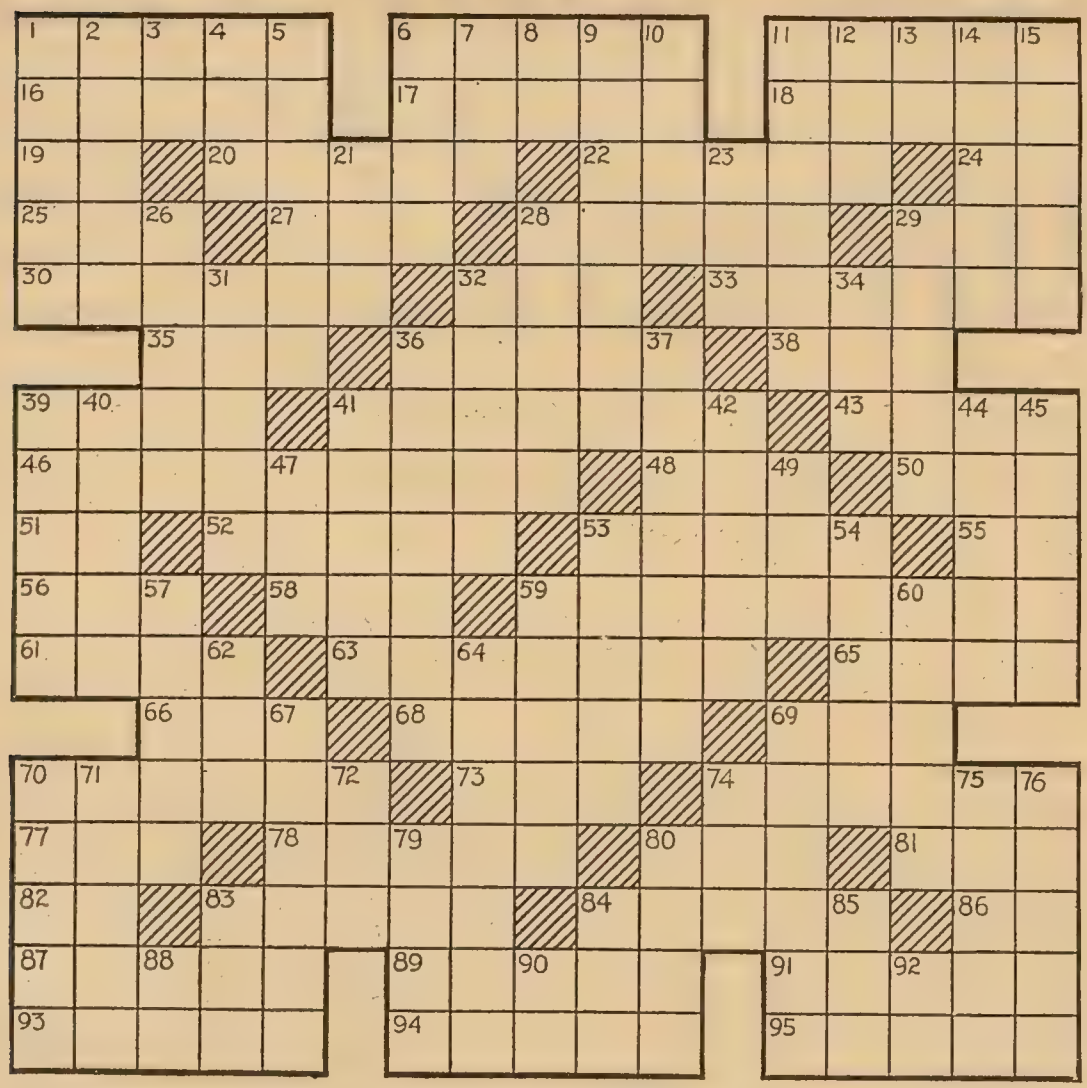
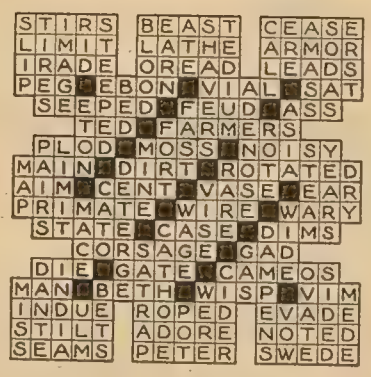
Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Roots of teeth
6 Abrasions
11 Auctions
16 Mark to insert
17 Beast of burden
18 Heavy cord
19 Printer's measure
20 An engine
22 Woman's name
24 Prefix: down
25 Fresh
27 Authoritative rule
28 Leather thong
29 Total
30 Tracked
32 A wing
33 Shallow dishes
35 To harden, as sails
36 Quench
38 Compass point
39 Son of Adam
41 Expiators
43 Money
46 Fondling
48 Steal
50 Coin of Roumania
51 Pronoun
52 Existing
53 Strips of covering
55 Advertisement
56 Physician (slang)
58 Wave
59 Making plump
61 Break suddenly
63 Goddess of retribution
65 Before
66 By way of
68 Memento
69 Appropriate
70 A male monarch
73 Noise
74 Declare
77 Greasy liquid
78 Waits upon
80 It is
81 Greek letter
82 Form of to be
83 Ethical
84 Veins of ore
86 Preposition
87 Fresher
89 Lakes or pools
91 Gleamed
93 Trousers (Scotch)
94 American Indians
95 Withers



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Odor
2 One who designates
3 Measure of area
4 Kind of light muffin
5 Purloined
6 Flat-bottomed boat
7 A wheeled vehicle
8 Exist
9 Wager again
10 Pass over lightly
11 Fastening device
12 Beard, as of grain
13 Chinese measure
14 Invest
15 Appears to be
21 Street urchin
23 Undermine
26 A colorless liquid
28 Inelegant language
29 Metal alloy
31 Biblical name
32 Beside
34 A venomous serpent
36 Insect's sharp organ
37 Changeable
39 Sour substances
40 A wand
41 Asiatic
42 Classifies
44 Leaned
45 A kind of candy
47 Stitch
49 Insect
53 A little bay
54 Fasteners
57 To pick flaws
59 Genus including cats
60 Bury
62 A fastener
64 Interferer
67 Stage players
69 To rate for taxes
70 To indicate
71 Part of a stair
72 Ever
74 Assistance
75 River in Germany
76 Characters of sound
79 Title
80 Throw
83 A cry, as of a cat
84 A shelter
85 Pronoun
88 Us
90 Japanese measure
92 Conjunction

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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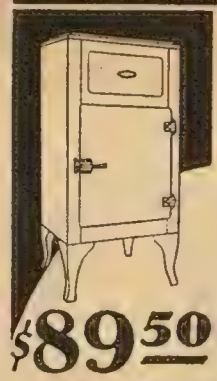

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SHOOT and Be Damned!

A Prussian Offizier or an Allied Secret Agent?—Hell-Roaring Bud Briggs Arrives and Qualifies for an Insanity Defense—Danny Gallagher in Jeopardy—Deserters and a Death Sentence

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to RALPH GOLL

(Reading time: 26 minutes 55 seconds.)

IN last week's installment, Sergeant Halyburton told of his discovery that the Russian privates' reason for trying to kill him was a belief that he was a blood-sucking werewolf. He told of his successes in getting the Americans transferred to a dugout of their own, and in arranging for an advance of Red Cross rations from the Roumanian prisoners; also of the arrival of more Americans at Tuchel. These were engineers, some of whom were shell-shocked. One such sufferer, a corporal, showed bad faith to his comrades and finally tried to play into the hands of a German propagandist. He was "court-martialed" and disciplined. The installment ended with the glad news of the arrival of the first shipment of American Red Cross rations, just in time to save the half-starved Yankees from utter despair.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons, except obviously true names and that of Halyburton, have been changed. With those exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART FIVE—TOOTH-PASTE SOUP, AND TREASON

ONLY news that the war had ended in an Allied victory and that we were being released could have roused greater exultation. The most blasphemous man among us suddenly got religion and went rolling down the aisle between the bunks shouting, "Hallelujah! God be praised!" An engineer danced around, slapping our backs and saying, as though we had not understood: "There's food from the Red Cross—food!"

For my own part, I felt weak at the knees and dizzy. Ashamed of it, I cursed the noisy crew. "Cut out the comedy, you damned clowns! I want a detail to get the stuff."

At the magazine we found seven packages which had come in by freight from the Berne depot of the Red Cross. The shipment had been thirty days in transit. I was surprised by the small size and number of the parcels, which had been addressed individually to seven of the eight original prisoners.

The *Feldwebel* in charge of the inspection and distribution of stores opened one box, informing us that we would be allowed to draw one-seventh of the lot each day. Included in the contents were canned roast beef, corned beef, pork and beans, oleomargarine, a strip of raw bacon, milk, sugar, coffee, a loaf of special bread, and cigarettes. The food was supposed to keep the one man to whom it had been sent just seven days.

I was up against a ticklish proposition. The starving men whose names appeared on the packages would naturally feel that it was theirs to be used as they saw fit. Yet I could not consent to anything but an equal division among all eighteen of us. As luck had it, one box bore my name, so I could demand a fair division of the food without being accused of looking out for myself.

A FIST thudded on flesh and a body hit the floor. Voices were roaring: "Give him the boots!" "Kick his guts out!" "Where's the other one? They're traitors!"

The inspection to which the *Feldwebel* and his men subjected the provisions was thorough beyond reason. When at last the food was in our possession, we hurried back to the dugout, where the men who had been left behind surrounded us like famished wolves. The cans and bags were laid out among the soup bowls, and Geoghegan, Upton, and I sweated over the problem of dividing the oddly assorted food into eighteen equal parts.

I gave the word to eat. We grabbed our portions and gobbled them, squatting on the floor. Then, going into ecstasies over the aroma of the coffee, we gulped it steaming. When there was nothing left, we patted our swelling bellies and threw ourselves into the bunks to get the fullest enjoyment from our cigarettes.

There was work for the committee, too. We were going to have an endless chain of troubles on our hands if the A. R. C. persisted in sending weekly supplies to each prisoner. Then, too, we could not be certain that cards giving the names of new prisoners would reach Berne. Getting our objections to the system in such form that they would be passed by the German censors was difficult. But Upton ultimately worked out a message that told much between lines.

Our dugout was now one of the show places of the camp, General von Kronkeit frequently bringing visitors to see it. On his third or fourth tour of inspection he was accompanied by a half dozen young officers who had stopped off at Tuchel while en route from Russia to the Western Front. One of them—a *Leutnant* who looked specially Prussian—tarried beside the fire until the others were on their way out. Then, striding after them, he brushed me aside arrogantly, one of his boots touching mine. Thinking that he had tried to step on my toes, I flashed him a murderous look. He did not so much as glance at me. He was whistling out of a corner of his mouth.

At the moment I regarded his whistle as another insult, but after he had left something about it haunted me. I took to humming the strain.

"Put on another record," yelled Geoghegan. "What's that noise supposed to be, anyhow—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp?"

"What do you mean—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp?"

"Why, you benighted Carolina Rebel! It's something the Northerners used to sing when you Confederates were starving them in prison camps!

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching.
Cheer up, comrades, we will come. . . ."

HE was right. Perhaps the *Leutnant* had meant to mock us; but, all things considered, I thought it more probable that he was a sympathizer or Allied agent.

On March 26 a second food shipment came through from Switzerland. It consisted of eighteen parcels. In the meantime five more Americans arrived from Darmstadt.

We began to work on the Germans, hoping to get them to alter their manner of handling the provisions at the camp. As most of the privates were working and the *Zeughaus* guards allowed the committee to draw rations only once each day, we had to carry back the punctured cans and store them until our comrades found time to eat.

Some of the tinned stuff, being exposed to air, spoiled before the men could get to it.

Failing to get the inspectors at the warehouse to help

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page thirty-three

us, we went to headquarters. Old von Concrete, as we had dubbed the commandant, merely grunted at our entrance.

"We want a week's supply of food issued at a time, and we want it as it comes—unopened," Geoghegan said.

The *Kommandeur* liked simplicity and directness. His reply was as much to the point as our demand:

"The Americans can have a week's allowance whenever they want it; but every article will be inspected in accordance with laws prevailing in prison camps throughout the world."

We had no comeback. At a council of war we decided to change our tactics and concentrate on the inspectors. It seemed impossible that none of them could be bribed. We had seen the *Schildwachen* at the magazine looking covetously at our coffee, sugar, and tobacco.

We worked cautiously in undermining their morale.

"Good morning, *Feldwebel*. Good morning, *Unteroffizier*," we greeted them. "How are you? How is the family?"

Several lived near the camp. Their wives were ill, their babies hungry. We added sympathy to our show of good-fellowship, and then tried a casual proffer of cigarettes.

"Have a smoke, *mein Herren?* No? It's only a cigarette, and you know we wouldn't report you."

Finally one of them took a fag. The ice was broken. Other guards began to accept smokes. We tried to put them under greater obligation to us.

"Here—take this can of coffee and cake of chocolate. Give the chocolate to the babies."

They weakened and fell, one by one.

At last we had every German connected with the stores on our bribe list. Our troubles at the *Zeughaus* were over. Nothing that we drew from then on was examined.

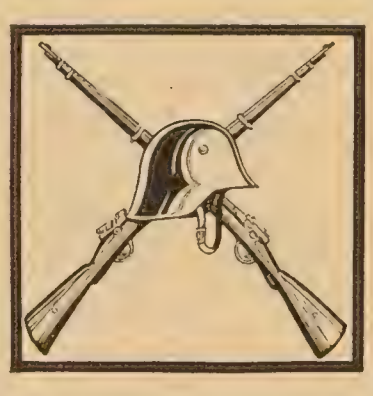
Stormy March went out in the proverbial fashion. Spring, coming overnight, was like a resurrection for us. "Christ, but it's good to be alive—just alive!" said I. "Back there in France the big *Putsch* must be under way. We ought to be with the boys in the trenches."

Unconsciously we had drawn near the *Drathverau*. We looked wistfully through the wire, then at one another. Should we try to break away from our captors?

Wise Upton was the first to acknowledge the stupidity of attempting the impossible.

"We're not strong enough yet," he advised. "It will take another month of real food to put us on our feet."

"True enough," admitted Geoghegan. "It's not worth trying now. Back in France we'd only be unfit for duty."



I AGREED. "And running away from Tuchel would be like running away from a battle. There will be fighting here, and plenty of it. Let's forget we're prisoners."

Early April brought the change we had asked the Berne committee to make in its method of sending food to us. Our supplies began coming in carload lots. The bulk provisions included everything we could possibly need.

The first car—sent out as an experiment, no doubt—arrived with its contents intact. Later shipments were looted, but only to a trivial extent. When I reported the losses to Old von Concrete, he fairly raised the roof. He was ashamed of the new German army. Myself a regular, and a soldier by choice, I could understand how he felt. There were no "buts" in the *Kommandeur's* promise to investigate. Later I heard from a *Feldwebel* that two German privates were shot for breaking into one of our food cars while it lay in a railroad yard.

Our "business" with the Roumanian prison committee was definitely over. When I went to them to settle, as agreed, for the rations they had advanced, they let me understand that a mere carload in payment would satisfy them! It was plain that any settlement would have to be made by the Red Cross officials in Switzerland. Upton wrote at once to Berne, giving all the facts concerning our debt.

Though I had required my men to give only their surplus and waste food to the starving Russians, I have no doubt that some of them went hungry that less fortunate prisoners might live. Even so, it seemed we were doing nothing at all for those poor fellows. A group of captives whom we could not aid acquired a habit of standing around our dugout window. Whenever we ate we could see and feel their pleading eyes. It was too much for us. We covered the glass with paper.

With the arrival of a dozen more American prisoners the Russians again faded into the background. Geoghegan and I were checking supplies when the new men marched into the dugout. As Upton started recording their names a big red-faced fellow shouldered his way to the front.

"I'm Bud Briggs—a sergeant, and a God-damned good one, too!" he roared. "What the hell kind of a camp is this? The krauts are running all over you! It's time somebody who isn't afraid of the squareheads took charge here. Mark me down as the guy who'll do it!"

I pricked up my ears. "We've drawn a prize this time. The National Army must be in France."

THE newcomers brought news that was even more disturbing than their sergeant. The Germans had smashed the British army, we were told.

Before we had got more than a few words out of the privates, Briggs began sounding off again.

"Do you suppose for a minute that if I'd been Jack Pershing the boches would have tramped on the English?" he bellowed. "I'd have gone in there and cleaned 'em!"

"Oh, God deliver us from any more like that one!" said Upton later, prayerfully. "That big tub of sour owl milk will jazz up the detail for all of us. You'd better dust off a court-martial for him."

Just as we were getting settled at our work again, little Fritz, the Pomeranian, brought us word that Briggs had knocked down a guard who tried to make him undress.

I jumped up, cursing. "They'll shoot him!"

"Let 'em," said Geoghegan.

"But we can't do that! He's an American. If we did they'd soon try it on some of us."

"Well, be his lawyer and plead insanity," Charley grinned.

"That's an idea! We'll claim Briggs is nuts."

The *Kommandeur* gave us an immediate hearing. Probably three stranger advocates never pleaded for a man's life. There was Upton, the ex-policeman, looking like Buffalo Bill with a mustache and goatee he had just raised; Geoghegan, putting Irish blarney into guttural German; and myself, a crap-shooting hill-billy rigged up like a Russian field marshal.

First one of us spoke, then another. It was very plain to us that the man Briggs was touched in the head. Why, he had told us in all seriousness that Germany had surrendered and that he had been sent to Tuchel to take charge of the camp and evacuate the prisoners!

Old von Concrete chortled. *"Das ist gut!"*

At that point we had the good judgment to rest the defense. The verdict was instantly forthcoming. Briggs would be sent to the hospital instead of the graveyard.

The most curious aspect of the whole affair was that Briggs, having been shell-shocked, really had gone crazy. Confined in the hospital, he became maniacal for a time. After a couple of weeks of complete lunacy, he suddenly quieted down and we had him removed to the dugout. The Germans were now excusing all three-stripe American noncoms from work, so we found it possible to keep a rather close watch over him.

Thinking it advisable to give Briggs something to do, I assigned him to cook for the privates who were working. He seemed to enjoy the job immensely, and spent a great deal of time concocting new dishes. I thought some of the samples rather good and kidded him along.

"That's the best dish I ever tasted, Briggs. You missed your calling. You should have been a chef at a big hotel."

Pleased as a child by my compliments, he went farther

Americans at Tuchel shortly after Red Cross food began to reach them. The bearded man is Upton, the tall man next to him is Sergeant Halyburton, and the end man at the right is sixteen-year-old Danny Gallagher.

afield in his experiments. Months of ersatz rations had dulled our taste, and it was not until nearly all the shoe polish, tooth paste, and candles in the dugout had vanished mysteriously that we began to look doubtfully at the things he set before us. I cut a hole in the board wall of a tiny office I had built near the door. This enabled me to spy on him without being seen. Presently he poured shoe polish in the coffee and squeezed tooth paste into the soup. The meat he seasoned with yellow flea powder.

Briggs lost his job then, and we lost our appetites. For several days we went around spitting, retching, and complaining of imaginary pains.

One afternoon about May 1 a strange German officer walked into the dugout without announcing himself. Geoghegan, Upton, and I were in my cubicle. We jumped to our feet and saluted, our visitor returning the courtesy with great dignity. He appeared to be sixty-five or seventy years old. His hair and mustache were almost white.

"I am Captain von Amerbach," he said slowly, speaking with a decided British accent. "I have been sent here by the War Office to act as your interpreter.

"I am to interview the new prisoners on their arrival and give them the orders of the camp, act as your spokesman at court-martial proceedings, censor your mail, and handle complaints, which must be made through me hereafter."

WE looked sharply at the *Hauptmann*. His face was kindly, inspiring the hope that he could be handled to our advantage. But his stately mannerisms and reserve seemed to argue that he was beyond approach.

I introduced myself and said I was in charge, adding that we were glad to have him with us.

"I can promise you," I said, "that the Americans will obey the laws of the camp. We want it understood, however, that we expect fair treatment."

Captain von Amerbach flushed and drew himself up haughtily. "I have my orders and I must obey them. You will also obey if you know what's good for you."

"We'll obey any reasonable order," I responded. "But if we don't get a square deal we're going to fight you, the Kaiser, or anyone else who stands between us and justice. We feel that we are living on other men's time—that we should have died at the front. So it won't be hard for us to sacrifice our lives."

The old officer gave me a long, hard look, and extended his hand. "Good day, sergeant."

"Good day, sir. I hope you haven't misunderstood me."

Still regarding me intently, he clasped my fingers with amazing vigor. Then he faced about and walked away.

He did not show himself at the dugout again for nearly a week. Then he began calling on us nearly every afternoon. For several weeks he confined himself to lectures on the proper method of writing and addressing our letters. Just when I was beginning to believe him a cold-blooded schoolmaster, he warmed up, lighted a pipe of synthetic tobacco, and told me about his life.

A COUSIN of Kaiser Wilhelm, von Amerbach had been a resident of England for thirty years previous to the war. His wife, an Englishwoman, and his daughters were now working in British hospitals. His sons were at the front with the British army.

Refusing to avail himself of an offer of English citizenship at the outbreak of hostilities, the captain himself had been interned on the Isle of Man for two years. Then some of his friends obtained a deportation order and he had been sent back to Germany through Holland.

The old man's voice broke when he spoke of the struggle attending his choice between his family on one side, and his country, Kaiser, and titled kinsmen on the other.

I listened to his story sympathetically, saying little. The next day, when he rose to leave after another intimate conversation, I handed him a package containing coffee, chocolate, pipe tobacco, and a few cans of meat.

I plunged into a speech I had been rehearsing: "Sir, our countries are at war and we count ourselves enemies. But I am presenting a small gift to you as one man to another. I want you to accept it in that spirit, and trust me to keep it secret."

The old aristocrat smiled. "Thank you, sergeant. I appreciate your sentiment and accept the gift. I know that you will not betray me."

From that moment Captain von Amerbach was more like a father confessor to the Americans than an enemy officer. He knew practically all that was to be known about the operations of the armies in France, and passed along to me much information that had been denied to the German people.

The much-heralded Spring Drive had not gained the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

advantages expected. But another great push was in the making.

"June will find us on the Marne again; July in Paris," he predicted. "Oh, I'm taking no chances when I tell you these things. You'll never leave Germany until after the war is over."

He went even farther, drawing maps and marking the locations of the armies at various dates. I found the maps particularly interesting, for I could not help flirting occasionally with the idea of escape. Later we took up the German language and he added greatly to my small command of it.

Usually the captain ended my lessons with the statement, "We can't help but win the war."

"Why?" I often asked.

"We have foreseen all eventualities."

Once he demonstrated by overturning his stool. On the under side of it appeared a stamp reading, "K. G. L. 1908." The initials stood for War Prison Camp and the numerals were the date of manufacture.

"See, we have overlooked nothing. Ten years ago we were ready even to such details as stools for prisoners!"

"You have overlooked one thing," I told him. "The American army."

Like every other German officer to whom I had talked, he smiled at the suggestion that our army would have any effect on the outcome of the war. When the Germans captured a few Americans he always rushed to our dugout to report it.

One day he came in, much agitated. "That boy Gallagher is in serious trouble. It is a pity. I do not see how we can help him."

"What is it? What has he done?" I asked anxiously.

"He refused to work. The guards at the woodshed issued him an ax with a splintered handle that hurt his fingers. He threw it down and just missed chopping off a *Schildwache's* toes!"

"The cocky little devil!" I exclaimed. "What will they do with him?"

"Try him, of course. He's almost certain to be sentenced to fourteen days on bread and water."

The bread-and-water penalty included confinement in an unlighted subterranean dungeon. I too felt heartsick when I thought of the effect it might have on his young impressionable mind.

"Don't get excited, captain," I said, trying to reassure the old officer. "Danny won't do fourteen days in the dungeon. I'll go to the general with his case."

He caught my arm. "Von Kronkeit! You are mad! You don't know that man. He's the worst general in all Germany."

"I know him very well," I laughed. "I had the pleasure of meeting him my first day at Tuchel."

DANNY was brought before a summary court-martial conducted by a one-eyed *Oberst* of von Concrete's staff. As the trial officer could understand no English and Danny no German, Captain von Amerbach had to act as advocate for both the court and the boy.

"Is it true that you threw the ax at the guard?" he asked the lad, adding *sotto voce:* "Tell a lie, Danny. Say you dropped it."

Answering the question in German for the boy, he told the *Oberst,* "The prisoner says he dropped the ax."

"Is it true that you refused to work, prisoner? (Tell a lie, Danny. Tell him that you only tried to show the guard that the ax handle hurt your fingers.) *Herr Oberst,* the prisoner says the ax handle cut his fingers. (Show him your fingers, Danny.)"

After being asked a few more questions in this fashion the boy was so flustered that he could tell nothing.

Captain von Amerbach addressed the court: "You see, *Herr Oberst,* the boy is too young to understand my questions. He doesn't know the camp rules. It is the same with our young soldiers in Germany. It takes years of training to make a soldier, as you know."

The *Oberst* dismissed the case, and Danny, too dazed to know how he had escaped, went back to the woodshed.

When I tried to thank von Amerbach, tears filled his eyes. He said nothing, but I knew he was thinking of his sons on the other side of the front.

During the last two or three days of May we became aware of a pronounced change in the temper of the guards.

They were taking us less seriously than usual. Off duty they did a lot of singing and drinking. We knew this could have but one answer. The German army was winning again.

Captain von Amerbach had broken off his daily visits—but at last he came around, grave-faced. Following our custom, we sat down in my office and I waited for him to speak.

"Sergeant, our armies are on the Marne—forty-five miles from Paris," he said at last. "We are in contact with American troops. A decisive battle is being fought. I am telling you this only because I thought you would want to know."

A terrible feeling of impotence and despair overcame me. So the First Division was in action—it must be—and my friends and comrades were dying in a battle against odds. And I could do nothing. I set my teeth, clenched my fists, and glared. By God, there had to be a way out!

CAPTAIN VON AMERBACH held up a warning hand. "Don't be rash. I know what you are thinking. That is folly. Now come with me. Some more Americans have arrived and I want you to hear what they have to say for themselves."

He took me to headquarters, where two prisoners in American army uniforms were lounging on a bench, guarded by a *Schildwache.*

Von Amerbach dismissed the sentry. The captives glanced at me suspiciously. I did likewise by them, for their appearance was anything but prepossessing.

One fellow made me think of a professional wrestler. I judged him to be of Balkan extraction. He wore regular army insignia. The other was young, probably not more than eighteen or nineteen, a blond with effeminate features. He had come from the same regiment as the bull-necked man.

"These fellows do not want to be assigned to quarters in the American casern," the captain explained.

"Aren't they Americans?" I asked.

The old man handed me their prison papers. I read the names—Peter Mascoff and Louis Brunner.

"Privates Mascoff and Brunner deserted to the German army," he said quietly.

It had never occurred to me that volunteer soldiers would go over to the enemy. I could only stare at them. Deserters and traitors!

After the first shock of it, I flamed with a desire to kill them where they sat smirking at me. I had to hold hard to my chair.

"Mascoff, is it true that you and Brunner left your regiment at Seicheprey and came over to our lines carrying your rifles and equipment?" the captain asked.

The big private jerked his head. "That's right. I joined their God-damned army in New York just so I could get over here and help fight them. Only my real name is Holakoff, not Mascoff. I'm Bulgarian."

"And you expected us to let you serve in the German army?"

The round head bobbed again. "That's right."

"And you, Brunner—you're an American?"

"I happened to be born in America," the youth answered defiantly. "But to hell with the United States!"

Von Amerbach was looking at me. But I had put on a poker face. After a silence, during which the prisoners fidgeted, he called the *Schildwache.*

"Take the two privates to the American casern," he directed in German. "I'll escort the sergeant."

As they disappeared I turned to him. "If I may ask, sir—where did they come from? What will be done with them?"

The captain shrugged. "They have been at various

camps along the Rhine, where, of course, they told all they knew about your army. I am instructed to handle them as ordinary prisoners of war."

"Then they won't be allowed to serve in your army?"

"I don't know. Perhaps the War Ministry believes they will be of more use as prisoners than soldiers."

"I think I understand what you mean. They will be expected to spy on us. We'll act accordingly."

"Accordingly—that's a word that can cover many things," the old man mused. "I have warned you against these men. Now I warn you again. They must not be—what do you call it?—lynched? There is nothing I can or will do for you if they are killed."

Von Amerbach left me at the gate of the inclosure, and I went on to the dugout in a black mood.

"A couple of new men just came in," Frank hastened to inform me. "And say—there's talk that the boches have smashed through almost to Paris."

I sat down heavily. "I know. Those yellow-bellied snakes that just crawled in are two reasons why Germany is winning the war. They deserted and went over to the boches, rifles and all."

"Christ almighty! Is that so?"

Geoghegan, who had come in as I spoke, echoed the question.

"It's true. I heard them admit it. What are we going to do with them?"

"Kill the sons of ——s!"

"But how? I've been thinking about it, but I can't see any way to do it without putting the whole outfit in bad."

"Stab 'em some night and bury them in the sand lot."

"That's all right as far as it goes. But how would we explain their absence at roll call? Then, with those Russians poking sticks into every square inch of the field, somebody'd be sure to find the stiffs."

"Cut a hole in the wire and make the Germans believe they escaped," was Upton's suggestion.

"For an ex-cop, you have dumb ideas about a frame-up. Those bastards wouldn't run away if you tore down the whole entanglement, and the Germans know it."

"Why not poison them?"

"With what? Flea powder? We thrived on it!"

"Wait until they get plenty hungry, and let them have a mess of spoiled meat. That ought to put them where they belong."

I LOOKED at my comrades grimly. "That's our one chance. Poisoning, though—it's a hellish thing to do!"

"They're lousy rats! And you poison rats, don't you?"

"All right," I said. "They certainly are."

Having agreed on what seemed a safe method of killing the traitors, we felt almost happy.

"We've got to keep this thing under our hats," I cautioned. "If some of the hot-heads in the outfit should get on to those two they'd kill 'em outright, and then the Heinies would give us all bullets for breakfast."

Saying nothing, we treated Holakoff and Brunner as though they were ordinary privates. The result was, they began to think the rest of us deserters and German sympathizers. Through hints they gradually revealed themselves.

I was sitting in my cubicle when a voice boomed through the dugout: "So you're a traitor—you Goddamned hunky!"

"You call it being a traitor?" Holakoff answered. "Maybe you think you're better than me!"

A fist thudded on flesh and a body hit the floor.

Other voices were roaring in chorus: "Give him the boots!" "Kick the bastard's guts out!" "Where's the other son of a ——?"

I dashed in and dragged Holakoff to a bunk. Brunner had hidden himself in another.

"They're traitors!" everyone was yelling.

A SEMBLANCE of peace was restored finally, but our hand had been forced. From then on we had to deal with the two men as criminals without human rights. We stripped them of insignia, jerked off their buttons, and assigned them to bunks as far away from the rest of us as possible. Day after day, while slowly starving on ersatz rations, they had to sit and watch us cook and eat wholesome food.

No one spoke to them except to hurl the grossest insults. They were rats, lice, dogs, and sons of dogs.

Some of the men made it a practice to hold up choice morsels of food and invite them to bark, growl, and whine for it.

Forced to do all the menial labor around the dugout, they crawled into their bunks at night to find their blankets befouled or full of burs and sand fleas.

Twenty-three men with little else to do than think can devise horrible forms of squaw-torture, once their minds have been directed into such a channel. Often I wondered that they did not kill themselves; for most men would have preferred death a thousand times to what they endured.

Sometimes I wanted to pity them. Sometimes I thought of them as victims of forces over which they had no control—prisoners of life as well as war. From such philosophic fancies I was always roused by a grim reflection. They had broken an oath to defend America from all enemies. While their sworn comrades were dying, they had walked off to aid the Germans with the slaughter.

They deserved to suffer! They had to die!

What came of the plan to execute the two traitors by poisoning will appear in next week's Liberty. So will one of the strangest and most fascinating episodes in all Sergeant Halyburton's story: his romance with a Russian girl from the Women's Battalions of Death.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1—John Adams: lived to be ninety.

2—Kentucky, admitted June 1, 1792.

3—Thomas Gray in his poem On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

4—New York, Chicago, Buenos Aires, Philadelphia, Detroit.

5—A little brook.

6—"Gee" is to the right and "haw" to the left in driving oxen.

7—A fictitious sea captain in Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels.

8—First raise it to the peak and then lower it to half-mast.

9—Simon (called Peter), Andrew, James (the elder), John, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James (the younger), Simon (called Zelotes), Judas (called Thaddeus), Judas Iscariot.

10—A dyestuff made from the dried bodies of the females of certain insects.

11—A Roman arch commemorating the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D.

12—A license to a prisoner to be at large before the end of his sentence.

13—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

14—Any of numerous invertebrate animals more or less resembling plants in appearance.

15—Flotsam is swept from a ship by the elements; jetsam is thrown overboard to save the vessel.

16—Job 19:20.

17—An old-fashioned lively dance.

18—They were so named by Columbus, who thought that he had reached India.

19—Iceland.

20—One printed by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1717, having the title Parable of the Vinegar [Vineyard] over Luke 20.

Your Boy and His Dog

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by ADAM JOHN BARTH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 45 seconds.)

PEOPLE are constantly writing in to this department and asking: "What kind of dog shall I give my boy?" or sometimes: "What kind of boy shall I give my dog?" And although we are always somewhat surprised to get a query like this, ours really being the Jam and Fern Question Box, we usually give the same answer to both forms of inquiry: "Are you quite sure that you want to do either?" This confuses them, and we are able to snatch a few more minutes for our regular work.

But the question of Boy and Dog is one which will not be downed. There is no doubt that every healthy, normal boy (if there is such a thing in these days of Child Study) should own a dog at some time in his life, preferably between the ages of forty-five and fifty. Give a dog to a boy who is much younger and his parents will find themselves obliged to pack up and go to the Sailors' Snug Harbor to live until the dog runs away—which he will do as soon as the first pretty face comes along.

But a dog teaches a boy fidelity, perseverance, and to turn around three times before lying down—very important traits in times like these. In fact, just as soon as a dog comes along who, in addition to these qualities, also knows when to buy and sell stocks, he can be moved right up to the boy's bedroom and the boy can sleep in the dog house.

"You could have knocked me over with a feather," he said.

In buying a dog for a very small child, attention must be paid to one or two essential points. In the first place, the dog must be one which will come apart easily or of such a breed that the sizing will get pasty and all gummed up when wet. Dachshunds are ideal dogs for small children, as they are already stretched and pulled to such a length that the child cannot do much harm one way or the other. The dachshund being so long also makes it difficult for a very small child to go through with the favorite juvenile maneuver of lifting the dog's hind legs up in the air and wheeling it along like a barrow, cooing, "Diddy-app!" Any small child trying to lift a dachshund's hind legs up very high is going to find itself flat on its back.

For the very small child who likes to pick animals up around the middle and carry them over to the fireplace, mastiffs, St. Bernards, or Russian wolfhounds are not indicated—that is, not if the child is of any value at all. It is not that the larger dogs resent being carried around the middle and dropped in the fireplace (in fact, the smaller the dog, the more touchy it is in matters of dignity, as is so often the case with people and nations); but, even though a mastiff does everything that it can to help the child in carrying it by the diaphragm, there are matters of gravity to be reckoned with which make it impossible to carry the thing through without something being broken. If a dog could be trained to wrestle and throw the child immediately, a great deal of time could be saved.

But, as we have suggested, the ideal age for a boy to own a dog is between forty-five and fifty. By this time the boy ought to have attained his full growth and, provided he is ever going to, ought to know more or less what he wants to make of himself in life. At this age the dog will be more of a companion than a chattel, and, if necessary, can be counted upon to carry the boy by the middle and drop him into bed in case sleep overcomes him at a dinner or camp meeting or anything. It can also be counted upon to tell him he has made a fool of himself and embarrassed all his friends. A wife could do no more.

THE training of the dog is something which should be left to the boy, as this teaches him responsibility and accustoms him to the use of authority, probably the only time he will ever have a chance to use it. If, for example, the dog insists on following the boy when he is leaving the house, even after repeated commands to "Go on back home!" the boy must decide on one of two courses. He must either take the dog back to the house and lock it in the cellar, or, as an alternate course, he can give up the idea of going out himself and stay with the dog. The latter is the better way, especially if the dog is in good voice and given to screaming the house down.

There has always been considerable difference of opinion as to whether or not a dog really thinks. I, personally, have no doubt that distinct mental processes do go on inside the dog's brain, although many times these processes are hardly worthy of the name. I have known dogs, especially puppies, who were almost as stupid as humans in their mental reactions.

The only reason that puppies do not get into more trouble than they do (if there *is* any more trouble than that which puppies get into) is that they are so small. A child, for instance, should not expect to be able to fall as heavily, eat as heartily of shoe leather, or throw up as casually as a puppy does, for there is more bulk to a child and the results of these practices will be more serious in exact proportion to the size and capacity. Whereas, for example, a puppy might be able to eat only the toe of a slipper, a child might well succeed in eating the whole shoe—which, considering the nails and everything, would not be wise.

One of the reasons why dogs are given credit for serious thinking is the formation of their eyebrows. A dog lying in front of a fire and looking up at his master may appear pathetic, disapproving, sage, or amused, according to the angle at which its eyebrows are set by nature.

If necessary, the dog can be counted upon to carry the boy by the middle and drop him into bed in case sleep overcomes him at a dinner or camp meeting or anything.

It is quite possible, and even probable, that nothing at all is going on behind the eyebrows. In fact, one dog who had a great reputation for sagacity once told me in confidence that most of the time when he was supposed to be regarding a human with an age-old philosophical rumination he was really asleep behind his shaggy overhanging brows. "You could have knocked me over with a feather," he said, "when I found out that people were talking about my wisdom and suggesting running me for President."

This, of course, offers a possibility for the future of the child itself. As soon as the boy makes up his mind just what type of man he wants to be, he could buy some crêpe hair and a bottle of spirit gum and make himself a pair of eyebrows to suit the rôle: converging toward the nose if he wants to be a judge or savant; pointing upward from the edge of the eyes if he wants to be a worried-looking man, like a broker; elevated to his forehead if he plans on simulating surprise as a personal characteristic; and in red patches if he intends being a stage Irishman.

In this way he may be able to get away with a great deal, as his pal the dog does.

At any rate, the important thing is to get a dog for the boy and see what each can teach the other. The way things are going now with our Younger Generation, the chances are that before long the dog will be smoking, drinking gin, and wearing a soft hat pulled over one eye.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

NO MORE

Strange Voice from the Past—Giving Jerome the Devil—What Carlos Told Anne—Bill's Girl—The Will to Go Forward

(Reading time: 31 min. 15 sec.)

THIS is the absorbing story of Anne Holt. Though engaged to a Moravian prince she fell in love with Tony Gage, manager of her grandfather's Brazilian plantations. The affairs of Bill, Anne's father, were even more entangled. Nina, Anne's mother, had left him. And the bank which he managed was at the breaking point.

Tony gave Anne an ultimatum. She must meet him, marry him, and sail with him to Brazil—or he would sail without her. Dressed for her marriage she heard terrible news. Bill had shot himself!

Part Seven
Picking Up the Pieces

SICK. Delirious. When in the months that followed was I conscious and when unconscious? I don't know! My dreams followed me into my sleep; no medicine they gave me was strong enough to submerge the incessant beat of my thoughts. . . .

People all around me. Servants. Friends. Doctors and nurses. Lawyers. And dozens of other queer forms and voices that have since disturbed my dreams but for whom I have no label. . . . But I was alone. I was alone! Bill was gone. Gone forever—beyond recall. There were times when I couldn't even remember the features of his dear face. Other times when I crept into his lib'ry and mixed him a drink, only to find he had vanished before my outstretched hand. . . . It just—just took me lifelong months not to expect him back—not to feel that he would come home to me. . . .

On the other hand, I never doubted the loss of Tony. . . . He was gone. He had carried out his threat and waited just so long. Then he had gone to his world—his business—his lure of his dreams. . . . I didn't care. I cared like hell! I never wanted to see him again. I longed for him!

A new face kept appearing in the fantasy of days and nights. A clean-shaven face hovering on forty. A fairly handsome face, with very kind and childlike eyes—darkish gray like the dusk over a river; tidy black hair; an eternal look of having been freshly scrubbed and put into linen hot from the laundry. . . . A figure that spoke of comfortable beds, lavish dinner tables, sun-lamp treatments and synthetic athletics—in clubhouses.

After a while I began to look for that face. I came to know it belonged to Glenn Clark, the junior partner of my father's lawyer. The man whom Roger Ballantine had sent to the house to keep strict surveillance over me and my affairs, to be on hand when I needed him, to guard me as much as possible from those whose jobs it seemed to be to persecute me.

I don't know how long after the funeral it was when I was peaceful and clear-minded enough to sit up and listen to Glenn Clark plead with me to open the letter. . . .

ORCHIDS

By GRACE PERKINS

Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

"FUNNY," she remarked softly, her eyes almost half closed. "Funny how he always thought you the little innocent. You're not—are you?"

There might be important business in it that my father would want attended to. . . .

I asked Glenn to leave me alone—and then I opened the envelope carefully. Something dropped out, and I stared at it dully. A key! But it didn't register on my consciousness and the key slipped down into the creases of the bedclothes while I unfolded the letter with trembling fingers. The writing seemed unsteady. Splotched. Was it drink that had done that? Or the sweat of his soul in the agony of facing the end? The letter was an echo of my Bill—a whispering confession of those strange days when he had acted so queerly:

DEAR KID: You are not to be sad. We have to take the breaks, you know, and you must learn to face this. If I didn't feel sure I could count on you, I wouldn't have the guts to carry all the way through. You know, flat-foot, that I came up out of nothing. I am going down in nothing. Neither time was it my fault. Luck put me at the top of the heap; luck is kicking me into the gutter. The breaks. The wind has pushed my ship a long way. The wind is against me and my ropes have broken.

I have tried everything I know and I've worked desperately to clean up the slate and leave my record clear. You must comprehend that and you mustn't think I've robbed you. When I had it you had it. It isn't mine any longer, Ignatz—it belongs to those who were on my ship and chose me as their mariner. They cannot suffer. You see that, don't you? There's no argument—no question. I cannot feel to blame for their wreckage; yet, no doubt, if I had kept closer to the wheel there would have been a different log to leave. Now I have tried to save my passengers at any cost. To you I leave only the value of my life, baby—for the captain is going down with the ship.

You must not grieve for me. It was an odd and tumultuous sea, but I've had as good sailing as any man could ask. I don't regret going—particularly when I know you have a real captain to turn to who will see you safely through any storm.

So long, skipper! BILL.

THERE was a postscript on another page, but I didn't realize it—I hadn't even unfolded the other page, for as I try to remember back it seems to me I thought that sheet had merely been folded around the key to pad it.

Glenn Clark came hurrying in at the sound of my sobs.

I passed the letter, wet with tears, to Clark. What did Bill mean? The wreck was the bank. . . . But—leaving me the value of his life . . . "mustn't think I've robbed you." . . . What did he mean?

Clark began to talk. I sat up, stunned, and listened. The farm was gone. The yacht. The sailboat. The horses and all the live stock. The estate at Southampton had been sold for a girls' school. . . . This house I was lying in was sold—possession would be taken within five months. . . . His lib'ry, his stocks and bonds, every cent of money in his accounts . . .

"But then"—I broke in on Clark excitedly—"then the bank won't have to close! . . . You say yourself

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I FOUND my voice. And with each word that I flung at him I found my strength. If I had had a gun I would have shot him dead.

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-one]

it will mean close to twelve millions that he is turning over."

"The bank has already closed," the deep, careful voice told me wearily. "Two days ago. Twelve million—was nothing. The bank has failed for nearly seventy-six million. . . . Your father meant well. He was sure he had saved it. He was obsessed with the idea that he must make good to his depositors. All his real-estate holdings, his interests and sharings in so many firms—everything was sold to the quickest bidder; and what was not sold he assigned in writing for holdings in the Puritan Bank. . . . Don Quixotic! . . . A beautiful but unnecessary gesture, and one, I am afraid, that will be thoroughly unappreciated. . . . He has left his family nothing. Nothing except what you and your mother already have in your own names. That, and the insurance he left. Which is considerable, of course, but hardly . . ."

"I don't want it! I wouldn't touch it. . . . The price of his life. . . . He says so himself in his letter. Look —' the value of my life, baby '—"

I FELL back, sobbing; and Clark, frightened, called the nurse, who called the doctor—and the usual procedure was on. But I was beyond that. Something had snapped me into life.

I signed away my insurance. I turned the money Bill had called the value of his life over to the cause that Bill had given his life to. . . . They tried to tell me that two hundred thousand wouldn't mean a drop in the bucket at the bank; but I didn't care. Any food I'd eat bought by Bill's insurance would gag me—any comfort it brought would torture me. . . . I couldn't get rid of it soon enough . . . "the value of my life, baby . . ."

IT wasn't enough? All right. What I had would go with it! There was a little camp on an island off Florida that Bill had given me. I turned that over. My jewelry —everything except the emerald that Tony had given me. The race horse I personally owned; my dogs; my own stocks and bonds . . . everything I had. . . . They stopped me when it came to my personal account. Clark came forward with his gentle, persuasive tones and explained that I would need cash for current things—there would be many pressing expenses before I could rearrange my life.

I caved in. I was back in bed again for days.

I heard them discussing, in the next room, that it was best to humor me. After all, my mother was wealthy in her own name—when they could reach her. So far, I learned, they had got word through to her, but Toby Wynn, and not my mother, had answered . . . explained that "his wife" was quite ill and he could hardly inflict further shock upon her now. As soon as she was strong enough . . .

My grandfather, Clark told me, had called frequently. More than once when I had been unconscious he had seen me. The old man was greatly stricken, and anxious only for the moment when I would be strong enough so that he might take me away. . . .

I asked Clark question after question. The revelations that followed were shocking. . . . The Superintendent

of Banks had appealed to Jerome Cedric more than once since Bill's death—and once before Bill's death. It seemed that three-quarters of a million more than Bill had been able to gather together would have saved the bank at the last moment! They had camped on Jerome's trail, night and day, with the plea for that three-quarters of a million—which they knew meant nothing to grandfather. He had refused—point-blank.

There seemed to be no blame attached to him, since he himself lost three million in the bank, as it was. That somehow whitewashed him in everyone's eyes, judging from Clark's recital. . . .

But I knew!

I knew! Jerome could have saved my father's life! Months ago, when Bill appealed to him, he could have changed the whole story. . . .

Right in the midst of my thoughts, Jerome walked into my room.

He drew a chair to my bedside. I stared at him through glazed eyes, unable to move. Heard his oily voice sympathizing with my loss. I listened to plans for the immediate present and for the future. . . . He had talked to Nina's lawyer over the phone. Nina was not seriously ill, but he saw no reason why she should hurry back.

Grandfather had always had a trust established for me—an amount I was to come into when I was twenty-one; to say nothing, of course, of the inheritance in his will. . . . So I would not be in want, ever! And in the meantime, as soon as I was able to be moved, I was to come to him, and later we would go . . .

I FOUND my voice. And with each word that I flung at him I found my strength. I was out of bed—and, whatever it was I did, I had him cringing in the corner and calling for help. . . . If I had had a gun I would have shot him dead. . . . I called him every vile name that flew to my lips. *Murderer!* . . . . That's all that seemed to matter to me. They came and separated us. They took him off and put me back to bed.

Maybe it was the next day that Glenn Clark tried to talk to me. Tried to impress upon me what a dreadful thing I had done in so defying the old man.

He told me they had decided it was best to send me to a sanitarium. If I stayed quietly under watchful care for a couple of months, I could then come back and close the house. Meanwhile I could think out what I wanted to do. . . .

He and Dr. Tree chose a place for me. Set a date about a week off. And from the moment it was decided I was myself again. I was up and about every day. Weak but normal—or as normal as I would be for many a long day to come. I began to take note of the life going on around me. . . .

I saw Ballantine, with Clark present. I did what Ballantine asked—signed the papers he tried to explain, and agreed to whatever he had already decided to do.

My mail—a small mountain of mail. Wearily I went through it. Flossie had sorted what was important.

There were two letters that stood out above everything. One from a woman whose name was famous—a musical-comedy actress whom I had met once or twice casually. She had a claim—a very urgent claim. . . . She had been Bill's mistress. For nearly three years! Number 504 East Fifty-sixth Street, the letterhead said, and I puzzled over that before I remembered that it was the apartment house where I had trailed Bill that night he had gone on a bat after Nina's cabled announcement of divorce and remarriage.

I READ her letter carefully. Betty Price. A waifish, appealing little beauty as I remembered her. Bill's girl! I shivered. Betty was quite concerned. There was no doubt but that there was some underlying measure of grief in the large, hurriedly penned words. But what was bothering her most was that Bill had promised to back her next show—a spring production. Everything had been arranged. Only a month before his death he had given a quarter of the production's cost, and the manager had, naturally, gone full swing ahead with arrangements. Now what were they to do? Surely, out of Bill's estate, I would want his wishes fulfilled. . . .

I called her up, intending to have her come to see me. She was out of town—her letter to me was dated ten days past. I wrote her briefly, explaining that I was going to a sanitarium for a rest, and that when I returned to town I wanted to see her. Foolish. Of course. But I did want to see her—terribly. I wanted to see and hear and talk to a girl who had given Bill solace, forgetfulness—the sort of girl who had charmed him. . . . Somebody—anybody—who was a close contact with Bill. . . .

The other letter that like so many wedges of fate meant nothing to me at the time . . .

It was from Bill's mother. A pitiful letter. Impossible to decipher all of the words. . . .

DEAR LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER:

In my sorrow my thoughts are —?— for you —?— Bill's child. I cannot believe my boy —?— for I know in my heart he was as honest as the sun, and a mother's heart knows. Are you all right? I can come to you any time —?— I would love to help you, my dear —?— He left me insurance, Anne, and I have —?— I do not need any twenty-five thousand dollars —?— He always took care of me, anyway. Every week he sent me —?— and took care of every need. If you need this money, I do not want it. His bank is —?— Would this money help any? If I could only do something —?— I have read of his sacrifices and how he tried to save it and I am proud.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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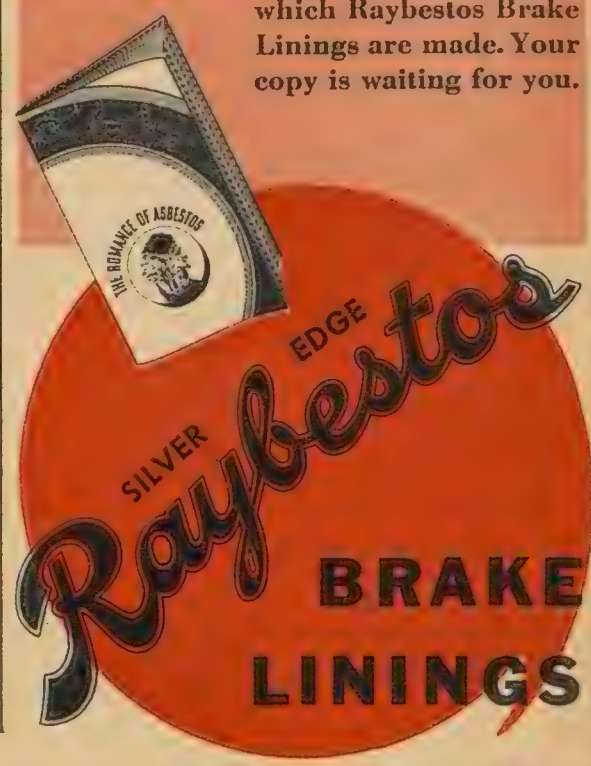

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-three]

Have you plenty? Are you all right? Won't you please find time to tell me everything? My heart is so heavy and I long so to help. Would you like to come up here? Nothing would make me so happy. Remember, child, I love you above everything. Your old grandmother may not be much good in your world, and I don't want to in—?— [was it "intrude" or "interfere"?] but this was Bill's home and it is your home, remember. Your loving

GRAN.

Do you remember you called me gran? You were six when I last saw you. Bill always sent me your pictures, though, and I ———?———

The letter made me squirm. Funny, homely old soul! Ignorant, horny-handed, a peasant. . . . I felt sorry for her, but why bring her on myself? What good could it do? . . .

I wrote her:

DEAR GRAN:

Of course I remember calling you gran. And of course I remember the last time I saw you—well! And the lovely things you've sent me since. . . . No, dear, I do not need the insurance money. I am very well off, for Bill took the greatest care that I should be free from worry. Nor does the bank need it in any way. Things are in quite good condition at the bank.

Don't believe all the papers say. They love to kick up a lot of dust and make things seem terrible for the sake of exciting reading. In a few months everything will quiet down and all will be well, so don't you worry. Bill wanted you to have that money. That was his wish. And we must respect his every wish.

I have been ill, but I'm better now. I am going away for a short rest, and then come back, stronger, to pitch into things. There is so much to be done, gran, as you must realize, so don't be hurt if you don't hear from me often. Take good care of yourself, and some day, when everything is settled and over, I will take a run up to see you.

Your loving ANNE.

I heard from her in answer to that; but I didn't get her letter until after I returned from the sanitarium and it is hardly pertinent here. . . .

Four days left before I was to go to the sanitarium. I had taken to reading with a greedy desire to inflict more pain on myself. The papers talked of foul play with the Puritan Bank. There was a lawyer coming to the fore. A well known lawyer, famous for criminal cases, himself a depositor of the Puritan. Seth Ingram. He seemed to be heading a heated campaign, organizing meetings of the depositors. . . .

I TALKED to Glenn Clark about it, and he shrugged off the importance of the whole affair. He told me that Ennis Parks, the vice president of the bank, had skipped. Those in the know had him spotted, shut up in a mangy hotel here in New York. Another of the men, Harry York, one of the directors, was locked up.

The night before the closing there had been a meeting of the directors in the subcellar of the bank, presided over by Chadwick, the Superintendent of Banks. . . . York, after the meeting had lasted for three hours, had completely lost his head and whipped out a gun from his pocket and tried to shoot Chadwick. . . . The other directors had seized him. . . . They had locked him up overnight. . . . He was under surveillance now. . . .

In the midst of our talk I had a caller. A rare and unexpected and choice caller. They announced to me—Prince Carlos Alexis of Moravia. . . .

Glenn left, and I received Carlos. Carlos on crutches; Carlos pale and very shaken. He had come contrary to all orders, to all sense, risking his health. . . . He had to see me. . . .

He sat heavily, slightly hunched, his eyes anguished. Ludorf was breaking our engagement. And Carlos had to stand by and permit it. He had no choice. He adored me. He loved me beyond all measure, and to the day of his death he would go on loving me. But he had a greater claim. He was in honor bound to marry money for the sake of his country—for the future of his nation. But I must understand what it cost him. . . . If there was anything—*anything*—he could do, now or in the years to come, would I promise to let him know? . . .

I succeeded in not crying. I think the proof that somebody cared hurt more than anything that had happened to me. I told him how completely I understood, and that there would be no bitterness in my heart. Poor boy!—I was glad now that I had never hurt him by telling him it was Tony I loved. . . .

I kissed him good-by. . . . He gave me a pin that he wore—some decoration that meant a great deal. He pinned it on the bosom of my dress, and asked me to keep it and remember him always. . . . He kissed me then, and held me so tight that I couldn't breathe, his whole thin frame trembling uncontrollably. . . . I thought back to Tony—to that night before he sailed. . . . It was the first time since that a pair of arms was around me, and I couldn't bear it! . . . I hurried Carlos out.

IT was the first time I had thought of Tony except with bitterness. The bitterness was still there—multiplied tenfold—but the need of him was a living torture. I wanted him. I wanted him. I wanted his arms around me and his voice in my ear. I wanted him near. Oh, Christ, if I'd only gone with him! If I'd only gotten off to him before Ballantine found me that morning! . . .

I stood still in the drawing-room—the same room where I had listened to Ballantine tell me about Bill. And I tried to think.

You must learn to face this! I told myself over and over. Out loud. You must learn to face this. Oh, Bill, I can't. I don't think you guessed all it would mean. It's too much. I'm too alone. I can't! . . .

You must learn to face this. . . .

I went upstairs. Showered and dressed in one of the most extravagant costumes that had been bought for my royal trousseau. It made me feel valiant to be beautiful.

At the phone I called Rita. Her surprise and delight were an irritating relief. Well, no; she couldn't come over, because she had guests even now arriving for dinner. She'd get rid of them early. Plead illness or something. And she'd come over later. Perhaps around eleven—or was that too late for me? We should have a nice talk, eh?

I hung up, disappointed. What would I do in the meantime?

I called Flossie and asked her, timidly, if she'd stay to supper with me and perhaps play cards or something afterward. . . . She grew very red. . . . I gathered that her boy friend was in town and that tonight was a very, very special date—one that she had postponed to his exasperation many times because of my affairs. . . . I kissed her and wished her well—making her promise to come back to me engaged.

"Because you know, Flossie," I faltered, "I don't suppose I can afford you long—though the angels alone know what I will do without you."

"I know, Miss Holt," she answered huskily. "I'd arranged for all that. I have a wonderful job all ready to step into. You see, my success with you made it easy to get a good break. I'm going with Mrs. Robbins. . . ."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Robbins . . . your friend Lydia Pym. She's been back in New York nearly three weeks now—you remember, she sent you those lilies? Well, she called me and asked me if I wasn't going to make a change. She's going to pay me nearly double, Miss Holt, and while she isn't you, I don't think she'll be difficult to work for. . . . I've been wanting to tell you this, but I hated to bother you. And you mustn't worry about affording me. I—you might notice—I haven't drawn my salary check at all

PAT YOURSELF

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SHREDDED WHEAT

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

since . . . You see, I don't really need it. And besides, when I'm getting double salary with Mrs. Robbins it will all be made up in no time. So I want you to know that I . . ."

I bit my underlip.

"Have a cocktail, Flossie. You're a very smart, very sweet, and very loyal girl. But you draw your salary checks. I insist upon it. For your trousseau. And I doubt if I'll need you after I close this house. That will be a half dozen weeks or so. Flossie, what do you suppose I could earn my living at? Do you think I . . ."

The phone rang, and Flossie turned to answer it. I gathered from her time-worn excuses that she felt the voice had no claim on my personal attention. . . . But I caught the name Miss Price. . . . I took the phone excitedly.

Betty Price had just come back to town and found my letter. She was so sorry I'd been ill, and was surprised I hadn't headed for the sanitarium already. Yes, she'd love to see me. She offered to come over, but I suggested that I go to her apartment instead. She hid her surprise neatly. . . . I wanted to see her apartment. I wanted to see her in the surroundings that Bill had seen her in.

It was a small apartment and charming, just as Betty herself was small and charming. Yet, somehow, when I caught sight of a picture of Bill on her piano, I wished I hadn't come. . . . I wanted to run away. . . .

"WELL, that's red-hot mourning, I must say," she gasped with a half-embarrassed giggle.

I frowned, startled. Stared down at the green velvet that had made me feel gay and strengthened, and shivered. I hadn't thought of mourning—it hadn't crossed my mind! Then I stared at her, puzzled. . . . The simple tight-fitting black bolero frock with the guimpe of sheerest embroidered chiffon. . . . *She* was in mourning!

"He often told me how beautiful you were," she remarked as she handed me cigarettes and settled on the chintz chaise longue opposite me.

"He never told me how beautiful *you* were," I answered slowly. "Of course I knew. I had seen you. But I didn't know—about Bill."

"He was the grandest man ever lived," she said simply.

"Yes." I stared at her bracelets, the huge diamond pin at her breast, the thin collar of milky pearls, and wondered if Bill had given them. . . .

"I couldn't understand him at all toward the end. He seemed so—peculiar. Of course I never guessed."

"Nor I."

"You didn't? Gee! It must be hell on you. You look . . . Well, it was hell on me, too. Not a word of warning. I can't get over it. He was always so square. But, gee, he knew I had my money in that bank—I think the least he might have done was warn me. . . ."

"Was it—much?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ON THE BACK

amount of bran that Nature provided.

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"All I had. To say nothing of leaving the show high and dry. We're just under way with rehearsals. . . . I don't know what's going to happen. It seemed to me, Miss Holt—when I wrote you—I hated to butt in and all that, but it means an awful lot to a lot of people besides myself. . . . Well, you know your father intended to go through with it. I can show you plenty of proof of that. And I thought, knowing he wanted it, you'd . . ."

"My dear Miss Price—" I shrugged wearily. "I haven't a cent. Besides, if Bill had intended to go through with it he would have attended to it. There isn't a thing he left undone. Down to the last item. He paid off every debt, arranged for every detail he wanted taken care of. Did you—you didn't get any note from him or anything?"

"Not a word. Not a single word."

I WALKED over to her windows and stared out.

"I can't believe he didn't leave you provided for someway," I mumbled.

There wasn't any answer, and I turned slowly to face her. What had Bill seen in those heavily lidded brown eyes, that large startlingly red mouth, that sleek straight bobbed hair worn with a bang like a schoolchild's, and that lithe, slender little body? . . .

"I would never believe he didn't take care of you," I repeated firmly. "This apartment is coöperative, isn't it? You own it? Yes? He bought it for you?"

She got up and with one knee half knelt on the chair. "Oh, I'm not complaining," she tossed at me, her head back thoughtfully. "I couldn't complain about Bill—if he never gave me anything. But he did. He did give me—plenty. I have this place, yes. I have a car. I have bonds. I have jewelry. It isn't that. I just—just can't understand how he left me like that, without a word—without telling me to get my money out while the getting was good."

"I had money in that bank myself," I shrugged.

"You're kidding!"

"No. All our family had money in it. Bill thought he was saving the bank."

I happened to have landed before the piano. I stood before Bill's picture, studying it.

She had come over and stood beside me, regarding the picture too. There was one of those impossible silences.

"Haven't you enough in bonds to back your own show?" I suggested suddenly.

"Well, I suppose so," she grinned. "But I'm nobody's fool, exactly."

I went over and picked up my wrap. It was a long sealskin cape completely lined with ermine. I saw her eying it hungrily. . . .

"What are you going to do?" I asked, for the need of something to say.

She laughed. "I'll find somebody. It's a tough break. I was terribly happy with him. . . . Well, so much for that, huh? Nothing lasts. I'll find me another—but he'll never be like Bill."

"If that system is dependable, why worry about such things as shows?" I demanded a bit insolently.

"Because I love to work."

"You don't mean to tell me you have to have a man to get work?"

"Not exactly." She was amused. "But I have to have a man to get the kind of work that matters. I guess that doesn't make sense—"

"It's very clear—very subtle. I—I wish you luck. Maybe—some day—I'll be coming to you for advice. Who can tell?"

"Oh, I'll introduce you around. Here—do have a drink with me before you go, will you? I was just about to fix them, but you were too quick for me. . . . Um-m-m-m. These were his favorites."

"Alexanders!"

"Um-m-m-m." She raised her glass and winked. Just like Bill! I felt myself go white. . . . It almost gagged me to drink. . . . She didn't seem to notice, thank God. . . .

"Funny," she remarked softly, her eyes almost half closed, yet so very, very brown under the lids. "Funny how he always thought you the little innocent. You're not—are you?"

"No. I'm not—innocent."

"Gee! Men are a scream, aren't they? Only see in front of them. . . . Well, you're one swell person anyway, just like he said."

"I'VE—got to go—now. Good-by, Miss Price."

"Betty! Betty! Good-by. It was swell of you to come. I hope you'll come often. Huh? Good-by, Anne."

"Good-by."

I went back home in a daze. Three years with her! What others had my father known? How many? She was a nice kid—a nice kid, but . . . Had Tony thought of me like that? . . . What had made her say, "You're not innocent, are you?" . . . Now she'd get another—another man—and Bill's picture would be taken down and put away. . . .

The house was lighted when I arrived. I remembered with a start that Rita was coming, and I was sorry. I didn't want to see her now. . . .

She greeted me with a flapping of arms and a wild hugging. Tears in her very tired over-made-up eyes. . . . She had come early because Serge wanted so to see me. . . . I wouldn't throw him out, would I?

I smiled at Serge, and trembled slightly as he kissed my hand with a shy reverence. . . . Serge had brought his fiddle—he thought it might comfort me to hear him play. I was so grateful at such a gesture that I kissed him. . . .

I brought them up to my own sitting room. It was cozier and less full of memories. Rita had a yen to show Serge the ship's bar, but I didn't bite and she let the matter drop. . . . How marvelous of me, dear, not to

go into mourning. . . . So sensible! But where had I been?—slyly. And what—*what* about the Prince?

"It's all off. That's advance news. It won't be announced for some time. . . ."

"Oh, but, my dear, I wouldn't breathe it to a soul. But—I mean, we were sure . . . Um-m-m-m-m. You're going away, I suppose, Anne?"

"Yes—into the country for a while. Just to rest up."

"And then—you'll be traveling, I suppose? Nothing like travel, I always say, to—"

"No. There's a lot to be done here, Rita. Serge—do play. I'm hungry for the sound of something sweet."

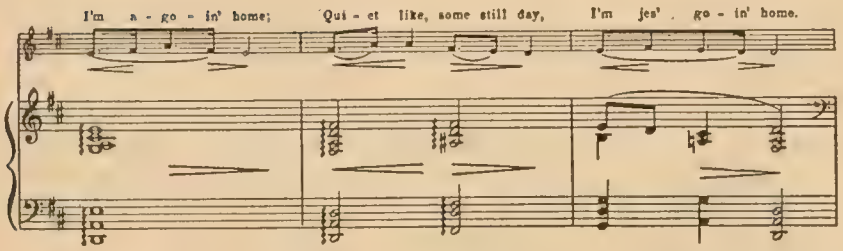
Rita's eyes flashed, and she leaned back thoughtfully, her eyes lazily studying me, her mind going a mile a minute, I knew.

Serge tuned up. He drew his bow across the strings, and I lowered the lights. . . .

My eyes were burned dry when he finished. I felt stronger. Encouraged. Filled with the will to go forward.

His eyes smiled over at me as he drew the last note; and I smiled back, head high. "You understand!" he murmured softly. "Ah! There is one you love, I know. . . ."

He began so gently . . .



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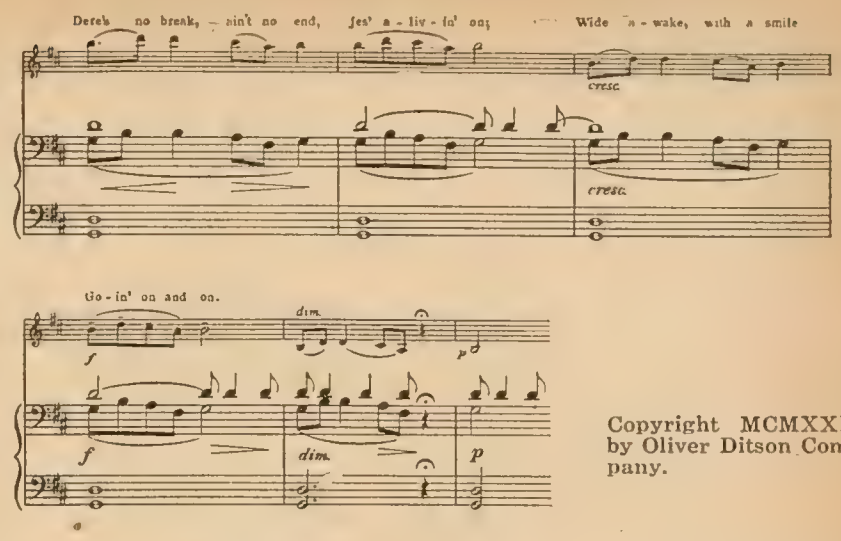
I got up nervously, and turned to the fireplace. . . .



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"Please!" I cried.

Serge stopped short, hurt, concerned. Rita sat forward, her eyes lighted with the hope of excitement.

"Please!" I sobbed brokenly. "I can't stand it! Please go. . . . I want to be alone. Please. . . . Forgive me!"

And I rushed from the room into my own—my hands against my ears to shut out the sound of that melody . . . and all that it meant.

THE next day I went to the sanitarium—not waiting for the date set. A rare place, run by one of Dr. Tree's friends and associates, near the Delaware Water Gap, I found there a balance and a benediction that brought me some measure of peace and equilibrium. I kept prolonging my stay—too tired each time the date would approach for my leave-taking to think of facing the world and its demands. It was Glenn who finally coaxed me around to action. He mentioned, with mild emphasis, that the place was expensive! He broached the subject, carefully, delicately, of my future. What did I intend to do?

Again I was puzzled. What *was* I going to do?

For days I wrestled with that problem. How I'd like to be able to do something for myself! To show them all—all of them! To show Jerome and Nina and her putrid husband. To show Tony! To show myself, even. . . . Surely it wasn't impossible. I had some intelligence, hadn't I? I must be capable of something! Others had done it—why couldn't I? If I could find some way—if I could be safely established, independent on my own score—and when Nina came back, when Tony came back, I could face them coolly, quite unneedful of their help and sympathy . . . .

Bill had done it! Out of nothing he had built up a reputable fortune. A gangling boy from the country who had to start from scratch, who even had to educate himself . . .

Well, I was Bill's kind, wasn't I? I could do it—someway!

———

In next week's smashingly dramatic installment you'll see Anne begin the fight that is to decide whether or not she can "show them all."

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A New Product

When her father arrived home from work a few evenings ago, Jacquelyn, age eight, remarked: "Daddy, you should have been to school with me today. Fire Chief Peabody was at school and talked to the kids."

Curious as to what kind of impression a fire chief's address might make on small children, the father asked: "Well, what did he have to say?"

Jacquelyn replied: "Oh, he was just around there with big bright buttons on his coat, advertising fire, that's all."—H. M. Bates, 2243 Charlestown Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

City Child

Little Larry, age five, had been sick for several weeks and was bored at the frequent visits of the doctor.

"Mummy," he said, "why do you have the doctor come here for me?"

"Because you are sick."

"But why do you have the doctor?" he persisted.

"If the doctor don't come, you might die," said his mother.

"Die!" exclaimed Larry in amazement. "Who's going to shoot me?"—Rose Glazier, 200 Madison Ave., 24th Floor, New York, N. Y.

Vox

A Slam and a Tribute for General Mitchell

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Having read "Will Japan Try to Conquer the United States?" the "Wolf, wolf!" article contributed by former Brigadier General William Mitchell, I hasten to interject my comment. The title indicated that it was to be about Japan, but the good general promptly forgot about

Japan after the second paragraph, and commenced his tirade against the army and navy.

His article was so mixed up with inaccuracies, generalities, and unfounded opinions that it was pitiful. He did not quote a single fact or figure or any statistics whatever to support his opinions.

On the other hand, any number of his statements can be disproved.

For example, in the event of a national emergency, all government purchasing would be handled through one agency, so as to eliminate competition between the services.

This has already become part of our defense plans, but perhaps the general has not informed himself about these matters.

Another thing. Aircraft have not yet proved their superiority over a fleet. In recent maneuvers the aircraft could not even locate the fleet. "You must first locate your rabbit."

If the general is right, then a hundred million of us are wrong.

"Thousands of airplanes in the next war—" It is to laugh.—*Reserve Officer.*

WILMINGTON, CALIF.—As a naval man's wife I certainly wish to underline and italicize General Mitchell's article.

No one understands the water and air situation like a navy wife does—being in contact with naval hazards constantly.

These land wives have nothing, comparatively, to worry about now! But if their dear ones were drafted into the air forces or submarine divisions in wartime they would bewail the lack of foresight which sends so many to death.

An enlisted submarine man, my husband never complains, but having lived near both army and naval air centers, and knowing the weaknesses of our present defense, I am here to back up the general's article.

If there were more like him back of the swivel-chair admirals and generals we wouldn't have to say, "God help our country!"

We ourselves would be able to do it successfully.—*Mrs. V. J. F.*

Beer, Not Billions

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Some of your recent editorials give the impression you are unduly concerned over the general welfare of the rich. What's the big idea?

The rich will take care of themselves. They always have.

If you've got to get all het up I wish you'd get that way while writing in defense of 6-per-cent beer, or something equally important, as it's getting hot here.—*B. B.*

Suggestion from Canada

MONTREAL, P. Q., CAN.—After seeing a picture of an American beer parade in a news reel last night, my opinion is that the U. S. A. shouldn't desert its principles like that. It can make all the beer it wants to (for taxation), collect the tax on it, and then ship it up here to Canada, where we will see that it is drunk.

Tom Dedual

Thus the American people can have their beer, collect taxes, and still save their faces by not drinking it.—*Tom Dedual.*

Saluting a Son of Wealth

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have just read "Do the American Bourbons Realize Fate?" Allow me to salute Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.! It is not because I agree so strongly with his ideas that I would place him on a pedestal. Rather it is because of the great breadth of vision and mind and extreme sense of justice of the man himself.

Born and raised among those who now presume to call him a traitor, he has not swerved from the path of the right and just. Man, to him, is a human being, no matter how poor or how low.—*Irving I. Zipin.*

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I would like to say a few words regarding Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.'s article. I happen to be a member of the middle class myself, but happen to be in such a situation that I am able to associate quite a bit with some of the wealthy people living in my vicinity, and I want to say right here that I can vouch for every word that was published!

By heavens, but I admire that lad for being the only person that I know of who speaks what he thinks!—*W. C. K.*

We'll Take Vanilla

MONTREAL, P. Q., CAN.—The article by Helen Christine Bennett and Herbert G. Edwards, "Marry a Girl Between 24 and 30," just burned me up. *Boy,* was I sore! 'Cause I know women's attitude toward men. See?

The reason girls between 24 and 30 say such complimentary things about men is because they're afraid they're getting too old, and therefore think it wise to be nice to the male sex so as to make a catch before it's too late. As soon as they're over 30, they imagine they're already too old to get their man, so they pretend they're independent by saying, "Men are blah!" But give them a "he" and—*boy!*

I think we should stick by the old rule, "Marry 'em young." It's safer—they're so chic—so sweet—so tender.

The young 'uns for me—yessir! What'll you have, ed?—*G. S.*

SOUTH BEND, WASH.—I've just finished reading "Marry a Girl Between 24 and 30." Say, don't you think it's time to give the girls a break? Give us the low-down on men. Women are criticized, analyzed, and literally torn to pieces in your magazine.

Is it fair?—*Curious.*

Cussing the Budget into Balance

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I think Dr. Seuss' cartoon feature in Liberty is swell. And I liked his freak suggestions for raising revenue in his page of pictures entitled "A New Idea in Taxation." But he overlooked one good bet.

Seuss should tell Congress that it can not only balance the budget but have a surplus if it will only put a tax on

cussing by golfers. Tax collectors with notebooks and well sharpened pencils should accompany all golf players, keeping especially alert at traps, water hazards, and bunkers.

Mild cursing should be thoroughly taxed, with special surtaxes for blazing profanity.

The upshot would be, we'd fill the national coffers, and be able to hug the thought that we were purifying the national morals.—*Dr. Sump.*

Pop

Raspberries for Racketeers

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've been following Will Irwin's articles on rackets with eager interest, and thought his final broadside, "What America Pays the Racketeer," was the best of his series. His conclusion that Chicago, in the years of general prosperity, handed over about $150,000,000 a year to these blood-suckers, is calculated to make us Chicagoans

open both eyes wide and wonder if we were dreaming, to allow such a levy.

Even more startling to us, as Americans, is Mr. Irwin's conclusion that, in an average prosperous year, rackets cost Uncle Sam at least a billion and a half dollars: about 2 per cent of the earnings of the American people. It's precisely as if the man earning three thousand dollars a year were approached by a racketeering thug and commanded to hand over sixty dollars.

Just now, in hard times, the rackets are comatose, but let's hope that when good times come back we won't be such fools as to allow the money-drunk racketeer to come back, too.—*G. Wilkins.*

Wet—and Seven Reasons Why

PORTLAND, ORE.—Many arguments against prohibition were voiced at the Republican and Democratic National Conventions. Since debate about the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act appears to be in order, here are some of the reasons why I am opposed to them:

C. W. Mullins

1. As district attorney of Clatsop County, Oregon, I was charged with the duty of enforcing the Anderson Act, passed by the legislature of the State of Oregon in 1916, regulating the sale of intoxicants. And from my observations of conditions in the moonshine districts of Kentucky and Virginia, of the open saloon in various parts of the country, and of conditions since the passage of the Volstead Act, I am convinced that a law that regulates sales is far preferable to one that prohibits.

2. The practical enforcement of any law that is opposed by a large percentage of the people is impossible.

3. The old-time drunkard has disappeared and in his place has arisen a drinking public consisting of the youth of the land.

4. The conditions brought about by the attempted enforcement of the Volstead Act have transferred the activities of the criminal element from so-called dives to the better residential districts.

5. Any law that relies for its principal source of information upon the activities of stool pigeons cannot be enforced for the reason that the average American jury will not believe the testimony of this class of officer.

6. A system of espionage has been created that is entirely foreign to our ideas of what the government of the United States stands for.

7. The law is un-American, is unenforcible, and benefits no one except the violators thereof and the paid reformers.—*C. W. Mullins.*

Halfway Between a Critic and an Advocate

BALTIMORE, MD.—Both the advocates and the critics of your back-to-the-farm remedy take too much for granted. The advocates overlook entirely the failure of existing farmers to make good and the reasons therefor.

The critics jump to the conclusion that these failures discredit your suggestion.

The fact is that, in order to succeed, the back-to-the-farm movement must be accompanied by a policy which will remove the handicaps placed on existing farmers. Had the Greenville, South Carolina, families been subjected to all the handicaps placed on ordinary farmers they would not be serving today as exhibits.

Had they been forced to pay rack rents or speculative prices for their lands, had they been taxed by local, state, and federal governments on all they produced or consumed, and had they been subjected to extortionate monopoly charges in addition, they would surely have failed.—*Samuel Danziger.*

In Other Words, They're Good

JACKSON, MISS.—If I had my choice of the Presidency, the Morgan millions, Clark Gable's good looks, or ability to write short short stories like the ones Liberty prints, I would take the last.—*Harold Davis.*

A Great Mind Labored, with This Result:

PASADENA, CALIF.—After reading Vox Pop for too many weeks, the conclusion is inescapable: what this country needs is a half teacupful of brains. No, I don't mean for each person! Just a half teacupful for the whole hundred and twenty million.—*D. M. W.*

No, It's Your Intelligence

MONTREAL, P. Q., CAN.—Twenty Questions? Bah! Answering those Twenty Questions is like taking candy from a baby. They're all too simple.

Georgie Carl Saul

The only question that Liberty may ask that I or no one else will never be able to answer is, "Why does Georgie Carl Saul read Liberty?"

Yes, sir! That's a question for Einstein himself.—*Georgie Carl Saul.*

P. S.—Maybe it's my good nature. Look at my face.

Part of the Irreducible Minimum

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Lately we have considered everything we could cut down on or omit. But none of us has ever mentioned Liberty—and we won't.—*I. G. Spaulding.*

Heaven Bless Them!

OKOLONA, MISS.—This sex touch to every one of your stories is getting trite. Woman has been after man ever since the dawn of history. After getting him in bad in the Garden of Eden she followed him out of it; she followed him when he came to America, she was right behind him when he fought in the Revolution or faced his brother in the Civil War, and she was in the covered wagon when he migrated to the West.

She has forced her way into his clubs, has captured the right to vote as irrationally as he does, or serve just as

brainlessly on a jury. She has gone into business and taken his job, holding on to it as tenaciously as he did, has adopted all his bad habits and recommends the same brands of booze, and has at last ousted him from that stronghold of his —the barber shop.

There isn't a place on earth where a man can escape the attentions of women and dwell in peace. I tried to find such a spot and, failing, came back to civilization, married—and all my children were girls!—*George.*

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

BEAUTIFUL KAY FRANCIS has an authentic background for those high-society parts she plays so well. Before Hollywood recruited her she was a social secretary—worked at that job for Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Pinchot, and for Lindbergh's mother-in-law, Mrs. Dwight Morrow.

The social arts and graces come naturally to Kay. She was born Katharine Edwina Gibbs—a cousin of Juliana Cutting, noted trainer of débutantes and mistress of New York social ceremonies.

Kay Francis is five feet seven—the tallest girl star in Hollywood. Her feet are tiny, and she can't pronounce the letter R. All the "horribles," the "terribles," and other R words have to be taken out of her talking-picture parts. A man named Rawson introduced me to her. She called him Dawson.

Kay Francis

She is superstitious about the number 13; about 12, too, for some reason. Perhaps because it comes next to 13. But 14 doesn't seem to worry her. Also superstitious about salt and white horses. Not about Shetland ponies, although she might well be. The day I had "tea" with her she said she was black and blue in places because of a Shetland pony.

"It threw me right out of the buggy," she said. "The littlest pony you ever saw. The darned thing wasn't half as big as I am."

HERE is a strange tale for the diet fans: The villagers of Dundalk, Ireland, have eaten their way to a remarkable record for old age.

The Hon. Catherine Plunkett, social leader of the district, is now 111 years old and still going strong. Old Mother Donnelly, village wise woman, has just turned 103. Captain O'Reilly is 101. He sailed the seas until he was eighty-three. Fifty-five more Dundalkers have passed the age of ninety. More than a dozen of them are nearing the 100 mark.

How do they do it? Mother Donnelly will tell you.

"We live on pork and potatoes," she says. "That's what keeps us young and healthy."

The Hon. Catherine Plunkett attributes it to moderation. "Everything in moderation," says she.

I wonder how much pork and potatoes they consider moderate?

SOME days ago I received a letter from a Frenchwoman I know. Her husband is a fashionable Paris hairdresser.

"Our tourist trade is small this year," she wrote. "We are not as busy as we might be. But, thank God, there is nothing to worry about!"

Now I want to tell you something of this couple. They have made a nice little fortune, keep a charming flat in Paris, a house in the country, a good car.

Their children go to excellent schools. Ever since I have known them the wife has been—and still is—the cashier in her husband's place of business. She is always there, from opening time till closing—always amiable, well dressed, helpful, watchful.

I am sure it has never occurred to her to complain over the fact that she works. She takes it for granted.

I told a New York business girl about her.

"Gee!" said Miss Manhattan. "Imagine working when you don't have to. I'd have a good time if *my* husband were making money."

French wives feel differently. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why their husbands are still making money.

INFORMATION for the Garbo worshipers: Your Swedish sweetheart bears an Italian name! *Garbo* is an Italian musical term. It means grace, style, elegance. Should be preceded by the word *con*—meaning "with." *Con garbo* means "with grace, with elegance." Just as *con carne* means "with meat." So Greta Garbo is really "Greta Graceful."

HILDA MAUCK has written a lively, understanding novel about the office girl who marries and keeps on working. Wings of Hope. (Published by Claude Kendall.)

HOW to get a good tan without injuring your skin? This vacation problem worries thousands of women every summer. It is not really hard to solve, provided you know—and follow—a few simple rules.

Don't get your tan too quickly. Do your sun bathing in short periods at first—say an hour at a time. Change your position frequently; recline on your back, then your side, then your tummy. Wear a thin dress at first, preferably high-necked and long-sleeved, leaving your skin not too directly exposed. A large hat lined with blue will keep your nose from peeling and save your eyes from sun strain.

At night rub yourself with a reliable sun-tan oil. Wipe it off and give yourself a second rubbing. Strong sunlight dries the skin.

Before the skin adapts itself to this drying effect, it needs a substitute for the natural oil. Otherwise it will shrink and be sore.

Unless you want a very deep tan, use a good skin lotion (preferably made of almonds) after the first few nights.

The less make-up you put on when you expose your face to the sun, the more your skin will benefit. Try giving your face a week's vacation from make-up. You will find it an excellent beauty treatment.

I HEAR—and fear—that literary clothes may be a coming fad. A scarf with a message is already out. From the distance it looks like an ordinary white silk scarf with a red pattern.

But when you get closer you see that the red pattern is made up of printed words. The words are: "Repeal 18th Amendment."

Timely propaganda in this case, but think what can happen if the fad catches on. We won't be girls any more --we'll just be reading matter.

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